Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6070, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Donco, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss H. M. Donnahoy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MOLREON, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 28, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Washington Commandery.

The annual conclave of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., was held in the Asylum, Masonic Temple, on Wednesday evening with a large attendance of members and a few visiting Sir Knights. Sir Knight Zenas W. Bliss, Lieutenant Governor of the State, and Sir Knight Edward P. Tobie, executive secretary, were present and acted as tellers at the election, Past Grand Commander John P. Sanborn presiding. The newly elected Eminent Commander was not installed into office, this ceremony being postponed until after the Commandery returns from its annual pilgrimage to Albany and New York next month. After the conclave the members went over to the Miantonomi Club where a social evening was enjoyed.

The officers elected at the annual conclave were as follows:

E. Commander—William Champion.
Generalissimo—Robert Frame.
Captain General—Robert S. Burlingame.
Senior Warden—J. Irving Shepley.
Junior Warden—Walter W. Farnum.
Prelate—E. S. Robert S. Franklin.
Treasurer—William J. Crozzens.
Recorder—E. S. Thatcher T. Bowler.

Joseph A. O'Neill, driver for Alexander & Co., was fatally injured by being dragged by his horse on Perry street on Friday evening of last week. Apparently he attempted to step into his place on the wagon and missed his footing. He was dragged for some distance and was badly injured but refused to go to the Hospital in the ambulance. He was assisted to his home on Pope street and appeared to be progressing well for a time, but Monday morning he had a sinking spell and passed away within a short time, death being due to the shock and internal injuries. He is survived by a widow.

The private car Lawrence of the general officers of the Old Colony Street Railway was in this city on Wednesday with President Sullivan and other officials of the company. It has been a long time since the Lawrence has been seen here.

The annual holiday for the butchers and grocers of Newport will this year be on Wednesday, October 5. Columbus Day, which is this year a legal holiday for the first time, falls just one week later, Wednesday, October 12.

Soap Factory Burned.

The plant of the Aquidneck Manufacturing Company, makers of various kinds of naptha soaps, was entirely destroyed by fire, probably of incendiary origin, at an early hour Tuesday morning. Although the loss to the owners will be large steps were at once taken to rebuild and equip the factory and the manufacture of soap will soon be resumed.

It was about two o'clock Tuesday morning that the attention of men on Washington square was attracted to a brilliant light over the northwest part of the city. They proceeded to investigate and found the soap factory on Halsey and Rutgers streets a mass of flames. An alarm was at once struck from Box 212 at Hall and Van Zandt avenues and the department was soon on the scene. It was at once decided that nothing could be done to save the factory but there was much work for the firemen in preventing the spread of the flames to near-by property, the high wind carrying a mass of sparks to the wooden buildings in the neighborhood. Several roofs caught fire but were extinguished without damage. The factory and contents were totally destroyed.

The cause of the fire cannot be definitely told. The owners are confident that it must have been due to an incendiary, as there was nothing about the building to cause a fire. The contents were highly inflamable, much grease and naptha being used in the manufacture of the soap, and they made a brilliant blaze.

The property was insured for only $2000 but the loss will probably amount to more than $15000. Almost before the ruins were cold, the managers were on the ground and staking out was at once begun for a new plant so that operations can be resumed at once.

The Aquidneck Manufacturing Company was established by Daniel J. MacGowan and Joseph S. Milne only a little over a year ago. They manufacture a number of different varieties of soap, and have just succeeded in building up a good business after many months of trying labor. The factory had been added to several times and new machinery had been installed, while more had been ordered before the fire. The enterprise was purely the result of Newport energy, and the destruction of the plant and consequent loss to the owners is deeply regretted by everyone in Newport. The enterprise and courage of the owners in taking immediate steps to rebuild is highly commended.

Wedding Bells.

Barker–Sherman.

Miss Gertrude Ruffell Sherman and Dr. Williston Wright Barker were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Sherman, in Dorchester, Mass., last Saturday afternoon in the presence of a number of relatives and friends, including several from Newport where the groom formerly resided. Miss Elinor Barker of this city was maid of honor, and Mrs. George T. Seabury, Jr., of New York and Mrs. Clarence D. Starr of Providence were matrons of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Florence B. Amsden of Boston, and Miss Helen L. Brown of Dorchester. Mr. Hugh Barkly Baker of Providence was the best man, and the ushers were Grant S. Taylor of Brooklyn, Clarence D. Starr of Providence, Henry E. Wright of Dorchester, Col. Edward A. Sherman of Newport, Dr. Norman McLeod of Beverly, and Dr. James H. Young of Newton Center.

The young couple are spending a few days in Newport and last evening were tendered a reception at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher F. Barker, parents of the groom.

Mrs. Margaret G. Bryant, widow of the late Adelbert C. Bryant, died at her home on Gibbs avenue after a long illness. She was a native of Scotland, having been born in Leith on June 17, 1864. Her first husband was Robert White who died about twelve years ago, and she subsequently married Adelbert C. Bryant. She leaves two children, also a brother who lives in Scotland.

Tax Collector E. W. Higbee is very busy these days preparing for sales of property assessed for taxes in 1909, and which taxes have not been paid. Everything is now paid up to the 1909 assessment, and it is the intention of the collector to get in at once all the money that is outstanding previous to this year's assessment.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Helen Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Davis of South Swansea, Mass., to Mr. Charles Clifford Cummings of this city, took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings will reside in Newport.

Newport County Fair.

Fair Weather on the Opening Day of the Fair Draws Large Gathering—Exhibits Surpass Former Years in a Number of Cases—Many New Ones Added to the List—Pleasant Entertainment Each Afternoon and Evening.

The opening of the annual fair of the Newport County Agricultural Society took place on Tuesday and marked the thirteenth year that this society has held this fair. Last year was considered the best for exhibits since the society was organized, but this year's exhibits have far excelled those of all former years, and so large and numerous were the vegetable exhibits that space had not been found on the opening day to display all that was sent to the fair grounds, and more room was provided on Wednesday for all vegetables that were not exhibited on Tuesday. There was also lack of room in the flower department, so great was the exhibit of flowers.

In the north room in the main building, on the lower floor, the State Board of Agriculture had their annual exhibit of the brown tail and gypsy moth. The Rhode Island College and Experiment Station had a fine exhibit of plants, experiments, grasses, grains and many kinds of insects that prey upon the trees and cause much loss to farmers and gardeners. The School Gardens, under the auspices of the State College and State Board of Agriculture, had a very interesting collection of drawings, photographs, vegetables, etc.

Space would not permit to make mention of all the persons to whom premiums were awarded in the vegetable department, but there were many of them. There was a very large exhibit of beets; also of fruit. Glen Farm had a very fine vegetable exhibit of over 100 varieties, which received first premium. It also received first premium on a collection of squashes. There was sweet corn growing on the stalks; also field corn just as it grows in the ground. The squashes were unusually large and plentiful, as were also the apples.

The flower exhibit was in the annex and was unusually large and a very handsome collection. There were flowers of every description and the judges found it a very difficult task in awarding the various premiums. There were dahlias of every variety, roses, pansies, hydrangeas, and all kinds of potted plants and palms. The whole north side of the annex was devoted to this department.

The upper floor in the main building was the center of attraction for nearly every visitor, for here was displayed a large variety of handsome embroidery and various kinds of needlework that surpassed all exhibits of former years. The children's department was worthy of special mention and showed what wonderful progress has been made in training the young mind in the past ten years. Much of the work would reflect credit on older people.

The A. C. Titus Company had its usual attractive exhibit. There were several Crawford ranges among the articles displayed. Then there were two inviting rooms, the one on the left being a sitting room, which was arranged with a nice mahogany table in the centre. On the sides were a nice sofa, easy chairs, music cabinet and there were also several very comfortable rocking chairs. All the furniture was of mahogany.

The dining room was on the right of the sitting room and this was of golden oak. In this room was a nice round dining room table, sewing table, buffet, chairs and a chafing dish table. There was also the Angle lamp exhibited in this room, with a catalogue describing the merits of this lamp, and a "Peerless" Suction Cleaner, showing how every nook and corner laden with dust and dirt can be cleaned and nothing disturbed in the room—all this accomplished by a dustless method.

This exhibit was in charge of Mr. Arthur W. Thackery. Small blue and white pitchers with the word "Crawford" were given away for souvenirs.

In the west corner of this building was the art room, where was to be found hand painted china, burnt wood work, drawings, hammered brass, carved wood, stencilled work, including handsome curtains and towels done by that process, and many other interesting articles. Irving J. Corey, of Middletown, had an excellent exhibit of photographs.

James H. Barney, Jr., & Co. had a very nice display of pianos, Victor talking machines, sheet music and music books, and many pleasant hours were spent around this booth listening to the different selections rendered on the pianos and the machines. This exhibit was in charge of Mr. Edward J. Kerr and Mr. Orvin Andrews. Mr. Barney received a liberal patronage of all present, and netted a goodly sum from his various sales.

The baby show was the chief attraction on Tuesday afternoon, there being 85 little ones entered in the contest. It took some time for the judges to really decide which baby the prize should be awarded to in the classes in which the different ones were entered. Charles Blake Sullivan captured the prize for the smallest baby under 1 year of age and Caroline Coggeshall for the smallest baby under 2 years of age. The prize for the largest baby under 1 year of age was won by Quinton Anthony and under 2 years of age to Herman Drexel Walker. The prizes for the prettiest babies under 1 and 2 years of age were awarded to Natalie Nicholson and Marian Frances Stone. Henrietta and Katherine Chase won the prizes for the prettiest twins under 2 years and Jesse and Manuel Reposa under 1 year.

Mrs. Andrew McClelland, of 19 Washington street, Fall River, Mass., had twins 19 months old in the contest. She also had other twins with her 4 years of age. At home she left a boy 9 years of age, and a boy 7 years of age, who was one of twins, the brother having died some time ago. This makes 8 pair of twins that Mrs. McClelland has had since 1903.

Mr. Barton A. Ballou, of Bristol Ferry and Providence, gave gold pins to every baby who entered in the show.

The judges for the baby show were Mrs. Richard J. Barker of Tiverton, Mrs. Davis Arnold of Providence and Mrs. William Potter of Fall River.

In the evening at 7.30 a drama, "Cyclone, for a Cent," was given by the North End Dramatic Club, which was witnessed by a very large number. Much credit was due all who participated in this drama, as it was well rendered and received liberal applause. At 9 o'clock a prize waltz was the drawing card in which about half a dozen couples participated. The participants were obliged to dance two rounds before the judges decided who were the winners. The prize was finally awarded to Mr. and Mrs. George Brownell of Newport. It was a contest for the couple receiving the most applause.

It is estimated that about one thousand persons visited the grounds on Tuesday, which was a very large attendance for the opening day.

Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock there was a ball game between the Portsmouths and Middletowns, resulting in a victory for the former. There was a large gathering of men and women on the grounds to witness the game, which caused much excitement while in process, each side having a large number of enthusiastic friends eager for their side to win, but the defeated took it very good naturedly and hope at some future date to be able to defeat their opponents.

Wednesday evening shortly after 7 o'clock the Harry K. Howard orchestra began a pleasing program of music in the Fair Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity with a very enthusiastic audience who had gathered to extend a hearty welcome to the Governor and his staff. As the orchestra started up all arose to their feet and the guests took their seats on the platform. In the party were Governor Aram J. Pothier, Lieutenant Governor Zenas W. Bliss, Congressman William P. Sheffield, Executive Secretary E. P. Tobie, Colonels Ambrose Kennedy, E. J. San Souci and E. A. Sherman of the Governor's Staff, Senator John P. Sanborn, of Newport, Senator George R. Lawton of Tiverton, Senator Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth, Senator Frank T. Peckham of Middletown; Representatives Benjamin C. Sherman of Portsmouth, Joel Peckham of Middletown, Henry C. Wilcox of Tiverton, Horace N. Bassard of Newport, and members of the Fair Committee.

In opening the program for the evening President I. Lincoln Sherman introduced Senator Sanborn as chairman. After a few pleasing remarks from the Senator he introduced the Governor, who was warmly greeted. Governor Pothier said he was delighted to visit Newport and Newport County, where he always received a hearty welcome. He paid a great tribute to the men from this county who have served the past few years in the legislature and spoke of the exhibits at the fair and hoped to be able to attend all future ones. At the close of his remarks there was a round of applause. Miss Marjorie Hicks of Portsmouth then rendered a whistling solo, being her own accompanist. Short speeches were made by the Lieutenant Governor and Congressman Sheffield. The chairs were then removed and a line formed to allow all who desired to shake hands with the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Staff. Very many availed themselves of this opportunity. Dancing began about 8.30 and at 9.30 there was a prize waltz on the merits of the dancers, in which six couples participated. The winners in this contest were Mrs. Joseph Sousa and Mr. Oliver J. Pierce. General dancing was in order until a late hour.

Dinner and supper were served each day in the dining hall to crowded tables. This fair has an enviable reputation for serving meals and each day many were obliged to wait for the second, serving so great were the number present. On Wednesday evening, Governor's Day, many were unable to gain admittance to the dining room, so great were the demands for supper tickets.

Thursday afternoon was the drawing contest for pairs and fours, and that evening the Temple Club of Providence were the entertainers. Friday afternoon was devoted to the children.

NOTES.

S. B. Church Company of Boston had a very interesting exhibit consisting of 5 gasoline engines, automatic water supply spraying outfit, pump, etc. This was in charge of Mr. John Peckham of Middletown.

Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., had a booth in the annex where fancy work, aprons, embroidery and many other articles were on sale. The proceeds were for the benefit of the chapter.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Portsmouth serve lunch each day in the annex building—the same as they have done in former years. This affords visitors who do not care for a regular dinner an opportunity to purchase a light lunch.

George Wyatt, of Portsmouth, who has been a familiar figure at the fair grounds for many years, was again at his place of business selling candy and soft drinks to his many friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Benjamin Barker had on sale fresh pop corn, corn crisp, salted peanuts, etc., and received a liberal share of the patronage of the Fair.

L. A. King Diters, representing the American Supply Company of Plainville, Conn., made pins, scarf pins, etc., on the grounds and his work proved very interesting to many.

Frank L. Tallman, of "Corey Corner," Portsmouth, had a splendid exhibit of Rhode Island Reds.

A pair of muscovy duckes received much admiration.

Among the many attractive exhibits were some white leghorn cockerels.

Several pair of wild geese of dark rich plumage, were the centre of attraction each day.

There was a fine display of Indian runner ducks of beautiful tints of brown, which were much admired.

A mother and six small rabbits was the center of attraction for the little ones.

An Indian runner duck, with a brood of 14 little ones, was very interesting to watch, especially when the mother tried to cover the little ones, as if to shield them from any harm that might come to them.

Four ten grey China geese was a novel exhibit. They are very stately looking and also very interesting to lovers of poultry.

Five nice pen white Pekin ducks were among the many fine entries; also several handsome exhibits of single comb leghorn cocks and hens.

An odd exhibit was a pair of Belgium hares and 7 small ones 4 weeks old.

Five silver lace Wyandottes received much favorable comment, and it is probable that there are not many of this breed on the Island.

There were 2 hens with 15 chicks each, R. I. reds, in adjoining quarters, and, as usual, were very interesting to both old and young. Near by were 2 more hens with 12 chicks and 15 chicks respectively, Plymouth Rocks.

Miss Anna Ritchie of Newport was awarded a large number of premiums in the flower show at the fair.

French served ice cream throughout the week and as the weather was particularly warm for this season of the year, many availed themselves frequently of the opportunity to patronize this booth.

Glen Farm, Henry A. C. Taylor, won first and second premiums on cows; second premium on Guernsey calves.

There were 3 pens with sow and litters of pigs—two had 10 little white pigs and the other had 9 little ones. Another pen contained a sow and 7 good size pigs.

Laura M. Clogstone sent some Vermont grass raised on her farm at Royalton, Vermont.

Dennis J. Murphy, Ogden Farm, had a fine collection of Ayrshires and Jerseys. He also received first premium on working oxen and second premium on pair fat oxen.

Walter Sherman received second premium on gray Jerseys, 1 year old.

Cornell Farm, Herbert Barker, gardener, won two first premiums on Jersey cows, 2 years old.

Nahum Greene won first premium on Guernsey bull 1 year old and second on Guernsey heifer 1 year old.

There was a good display of sheep and swine, which added greatly to the exhibits.

Miss Sadie C. Anthony played during the afternoons when there were no other attractions, and her selections were much enjoyed by her hearers.

Mrs. Ella F. Barker was especially commended for her beautiful embroidery, which was exhibited in the fancy department. She was unable to obtain a premium on her exhibits, because she was a non-resident.

There were 135 entries in the fancy work department.

The apples and fruit of all descriptions were unusually tempting looking.

Franklin Porter of Bristol Ferry had a fine exhibition of hand made serving trays, crust trays and spoons of every description. It was all Mr. Porter's work and was on sale to any who desired to purchase.

The Civic League.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the Newport Civic League on Monday afternoon and her presence helped to draw a very large attendance at the meeting. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott and Miss Reggio of Boston. Although the venerable authoress and leader spoke for only about twelve minutes her words were followed with the closest attention by all present, and at the conclusion of her address she was given a rising vote of thanks.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Ellen F. Mason, who spoke of the good that is being accomplished by the interest that women are taking in local affairs all over the country. Various annual reports were read, that of the membership committee showing that the League has about 250 members. Mr. Alfred G. Langley reported that the Civic League Bulletin needs 250 subscribers, as it does not pay for itself by about $100.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was then presented, and spoke upon the opportunities for women to work for civic betterment. She told of the progress that had been made by women in the last fifty years and said that all must choose between an interest in public questions or the indifference of the inactive. She compared the active and the indifferent with the five wise and the five foolish virgins of the Bible. She spoke of the great opportunity that is opened to the members of the Newport Civic League for doing good for their city. In closing she urged all to work together for the good of the human race.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Miss Ellen F. Mason.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. William Safford Jones, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.
Recording Secretary—Miss Maude Weaver.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Lucy P. Brownell.
Treasurer—Mrs. Frank M. Greenlaw.
Members at Large—Mrs. James Stewart, Miss Ruth E. Franklin, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. E. D. Morgan.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening when weekly bills and payrolls were approved and routine business was transacted.

Permission was granted to the Old Colony Street Railway Company to lay conduits in Bellevue avenue and adjoining streets for the purpose of removing the overhead wires in those streets. On recommendation of the board of firewards George N. Buckhout was elected assistant foreman of steamer No. 5, and Albert W. Almy, hoseman. Alderman Mahoney reported that the Italian societies of Newport will join in a celebration of Columbus Day, instead of having two celebrations as planned. The board accepted an invitation to attend a banquet at 2.30 on that day and to take part in the parade in the evening.

The matter of painting and repairing the city ambulance at a cost of $45 was referred to Aldermen Kelly, Aldermen Mahoney and Shepley were made a committee to see that the new voting booths are provided with all necessary equipment. There was some talk about the Marchant street dump and it is understood that the garbage contractor should be allowed to use that for a short time, as there is a little space yet to be filled.

Miss Mary Wanton Hazard died in the old family mansion on Broadway Thursday afternoon at the age of 95 years and 6 months. She was a daughter of Benjamin Hazard and one of a large family of children, all of whom lived to a ripe old age. There are now but three of this family surviving, Mrs. Margaret L. Stevens, widow of General Isaac Stevens of Boston, Mr. Daniel Lyman Hazard of Jamestown, and Mr. Thomas George Hazard of Narragansett.

Mr. William E. Marsh, brother of the late Edward P. Marsh, who returned last week to his home in Bridgeport, Conn., after a visit in this city, died there on Sunday after a short illness. He was a son of the late Samuel J. Marsh of Newport, and for many years chief of police of Bridgeport.

The present enrollment of pupils at the Rogers High School is a little over 500, which is a record for that institution. The seating capacity as at present arranged, is 518, and this includes some new seats and desks purchased last year for use in case of need.

The Newport Artillery had its annual field day at Coddington's Point last Monday and encountered some very disagreeable weather. A clambake was served and sports were enjoyed in addition to the target practice at the official range.

Postmaster and Mrs. Albert C. Landers are attending the Postmasters' Convention at Richmond, Va.

GOOSE The GIRL

By

HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER XI.

THE WRONG MAN.

HERBECK dropped his quill, and there was a dream in his eyes. He sat there motionless, rapt. And thus the duke found him. He held a letter in his hand and tossed it to Herbeck.

"I shall throw 10,000 men across the frontier tonight."

"War again?"

"Read that. It is the second anonymous communication I have received within a week. As the first was truthful, there is no reason to believe this one to be false."

Herbeck was genuinely startled.

"What do you say to that?" triumphantly.

"This—let them go quietly back to Jugendheit."

"No!" blazed the duke.

"Are we rich enough for war?"

"What the devil is my army for if not to uphold my dignity, Herbeck?"

"Rather let me reason. This is some prank. They would never dare enter Dreiberg for naught else."

"I have seen this writing before," said Herbeck.

The duke struck the bell violently.

"Summon the chief of police," he said to the secretary.

"Will your highness leave the matter in my hands?" asked the chancellor.

"Herbeck, in some things you are weak."

"And in others I am strong," smiled the chancellor. "I am weak when

"YOU HAVE NEATLY ARRANGED A FINE COMEDY."

there is talk of war; I am strong when peace is in the balance."

"Is it possible, Herbeck, that you do not appreciate the magnitude of the situation?"

"It is precisely because I do that I wish to move slowly. Wait. Let the police find out why they are here. There will be time enough then to declare war. They have never seen her highness. Who knows?"

"Ah! But they have violated the treaty."

"That depends upon whether their presence here is or is not a menace to the state. If they are here on private concerns which in nowise touch Ehrenstein it would be foolhardy to declare war."

"What do you advise?" wearily.

"Wait. In a day or so arrest them under the pretext that you believe them to be spies. If this invasion is harmless and they declare themselves the matter can be adjusted in this wise: Ignore their declaration and confine them a day or two in the city prison, then publish the news broadcast. Having themselves broken the letter if not the spirit of the treaty, they will not dare declare war. Every court in Europe will laugh."

The duke laughed. "You are right, Herbeck. Ah, here is the chief."

Herbeck read the letter in part to the chief, who jotted down the words, repeating aloud in a kind of mutter: "A mountaineer, a vintner, a carter, a butcher and a baker. You will give me their descriptions, your excellency?"

Herbeck read the postscript.

"But you didn't tell him who"—

"Why should he know?" said Herbeck, glancing shrewdly at the duke. "His ignorance will be all the better for the plot."

"One is as big and powerful as a Carpathian bear. Look out," warned Herbeck.

"And he is?"

"The mountaineer."

"And the vintner?"

"Oh, he is a little fellow and hasn't grown his bite yet," said Herbeck dryly.

The duke laughed again.

"I thank you, Herbeck. You have neatly arranged a fine comedy. When the arrest is made, give it as much publicity as possible. Take a squad of soldiers. It will give it a military look."

"No, your highness," touching the papers which strewed his desk. "This will keep me busy well into the evening."

The duke left the cabinet.

Herbeck instructed the chief.

"Begin with the mountaineer and the vintner; the others do not matter so much." Then Herbeck laughed. The chief raised his head. He had not heard his excellency laugh like that in many moons. "Report to me your progress. Good luck to you!" said Herbeck with a gesture of dismissal.

Her highness found the duke waiting in her apartments.

"Why, father," kissing him, "what brings you here?"

"A little idea I have in mind." He drew her down to the arm of the chair. "We all have our little day dreams."

"Who does not, father?" She slid her arm round his neck.

"Herr Carmichael is a fine fellow, brave, witty, shrewd. If all Americans are like him America will soon become a force in the world. I have taken a fancy to him, and you know what they say of your father—no formality with those whom he likes. Humanly I am right, but in the virtue of everyday events in court life I am wrong. Herbeck has spoken of it, the older women speak of it, and they all say"—

"What do I care what they say?" hotly. "Are you not the grand duke, and am I not your daughter?"

"You must ride no more with Herr Carmichael. It is neither wise nor safe."

"Father!"

He was up with his arms folding around her. "Child, it is only for your sake. Listen to me.

"You must be a princess. You must steel your heart against the invasion of love unless it comes from a state equal or superior to your own."

"Yes, father. I shall not ride with him any more."

"Be a brave heart, and I shall engage to find a king for you."

"I don't want any playthings, father," with the old light touch, and then she looked him full in the eyes. "I promise to do nothing more to create comment if, on the other hand, you will promise to give me two years more of freedom."

The duke readily assented and shortly returned to his suit rather pleased that there had been no scene—not that he had expected any.

Considerable activity was manifest in the police bureau the rest of that day.

To return to Carmichael, he had never before concerned himself with resignations. Up to this hour he had never resigned anything he had set his heart upon. So it was not an easy matter for him to compose a letter to the secretary of state resigning the post at Dreiberg. True, he added that he desired to be transferred to a seaport town, France or Italy preferred. The high altitude in Dreiberg had affected his heart. However, in case there was no other available post they would kindly appoint his successor at once. It took courage indeed to face the matter squarely and resolutely. That she was not going to marry the king of Jugendheit did not alter his affairs in the least. It was all hopeless. He must go.

Some one was knocking on the door.

"A letter for your excellency," said the concierge.

"If Herr Carmichael would learn the secret of No. 40 Krumerweg let him attire himself as a vintner and be in the Krumerweg at 8 o'clock tonight."

This note was as welcome to the recipient as the flowers in the spring. An adventure? He was ready, now and always.

"I shall need the costume of a vintner this evening," he said.

"Oh, that will be easy," affirmed the concierge.

So it came about that Carmichael, dressed as a vintner, his hat over his eyes, stole into the misty night and took the way to the Krumerweg. He knew exactly where he wished to go—No. 40. After all, who was the lady in black, and why should he bother himself about her? She probably came from the back stairs of the palace. And yet the chancellor himself had been in this place.

A step? He trained his ear. But even as he did so his arms were grasped firmly and twisted behind his back, and at the same time a cloth was wrapped round the lower part of his face, leaving only his eyes and nose visible. He was helpless. He was fighting against three.

Then one of the three whistled. A minute or two after a closed carriage came into the Krumerweg, and Carmichael was literally bundled inside. His feet and hands were bound.

The carriage began to move slowly. One turn after another he counted, fixing as well as he could the topography of the town through which they were passing. Once the road outside of Dreiberg was reached a fast pace was set. At the Jugendheit barrier the carriage stopped. Presently there appeared at the door an old man dressed as a mountaineer. In his hand was a lantern.

"Pardon me, dear nephew— Fools!" he broke off, swinging round. "He has tricked you all. This is not he!"

Three astonished faces peered over the old man's shoulder. One was a carter, another a butcher and the third a baker.

Carmichael, now freed, stretched himself.

"Well?" he said, with a dangerous quiet.

"Herr Carmichael, the American consul!" The old man nearly dropped the lantern. "Oh, you infernal blockheads!"

Carmichael's anger dissolved, and he laughed. All the mystery was gone. He saw how neatly he had been duped. He still carried the note. This he gave to the leader of this midnight expedition.

"Humph!" said the old man in a growl. "I thought as much." He whispered to his companions. "Herr Carmichael, I shall have the honor of escorting you back to Dreiberg."

VINTNER? NOT MUCH!

On the way it all came back to Carmichael with the vividness of a forgotten photograph come upon suddenly—Bonn, the Rhine, swift and turbulent, a towheaded young fellow who could not swim well, his own plunge, his fingers in the flaxen hair and the hard fight to the landing. All this was a tale twice told. Vintner? Not much!

CHAPTER XII.

HER FAN.

IT was dawn when they began to pull up the road to Dreiberg in a carriage. The mountaineer had been riding with the driver. The carriage stopped.

"I shall not intrude, I trust?" said the old man, opening the door and getting in.

"Not now," replied Carmichael. "What is all this about?"

"A trifle." The old man thought for awhile. "Suppose you had a nephew who was making a fool of himself over a woman."

"Nothing unusual in that."

"Suppose, though of good character, she was vastly his inferior in station; that marriage to him was merely a political contract. What would you do?"

"I believe I begin to understand."

"I am grateful for that."

"Your nephew is an ungrateful wretch. He knew all along who I was," went on the American. "I dragged him out of the Rhine upon a certain day, and he plays this trick!"

"You? Carmichael, Carmichael, of course; I should have remembered the name as he wrote me at the time. Thank you! And you knew him all the while?"

"No. I recalled his face, but the time and place were in the dark till this early morning. Here we are at the gates. What's this? Guards? I never saw them at these gates before."

After some trouble they passed the guards.

The mountaineer got out quickly, closed the door, spoke a word to the driver and slipped into an alleyway.

Carmichael arrived at the Grand hotel in time to see her serene highness, accompanied by two of her ladies and an escort of four soldiers, start out for her morning ride. He waited till they had passed, then slunk into the hotel. The concierge gazed at him in amazement. Carmichael winked. The concierge smiled. He understood. Americaner or Ehrenstein, the young fellows were all the same.

"Guards at the gates," mused Carmichael as he soaked his head and face in cold water. "By George, it looks as if my friend the vintner was in for some excitement!"

Gretchen! Carmichael stopped, his collar but halfway around his throat. Now, by the Lord, that should not be! He would wring the vintner's neck. He was not in an amiable mood. Some one hammered on the door.

Grumbach entered.

"You are angry about something," he said.

"So I am. But you are always welcome."

"You have overslept?"

"No; on the contrary."

"You are disturbed. I'd like to know what's going on in that bullet head of yours."

"I have resigned the consulship."

"And for what reason?"

Carmichael silently drew on his coat.

"Ach! So you have one too?"

"One what?"

"One secret."

"Yes. But it's the kind we can't talk about."

"I understand. Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Let us go together."

There was a large crowd outside the palace that night, which was clear and starry, because of a great ball. A troop of cavalry patrolled the fence. Carriage after carriage rolled in through the gates, coming directly from the opera.

And close by the sentry box Carmichael saw Gretchen and her vintner. Carmichael could not resist stopping a moment. He raised his hat to Gretchen to the wonder of those nearest.

"Do you know where the American consulate is?" he asked low, so that none but Gretchen and the vintner heard.

"Yes," said the vintner, blushing with shame. "I live above the agency."

"Good! I shall expect to see you in the morning."

But the vintner was determined that he shouldn't. He would be at work in the royal vineyards on the morrow.

"Tomorrow?" repeated Gretchen, to whom this byplay was a blank. "Why should he wish to see you?"

"Who knows? Let us be going. It is half after 10," he added, as if to put forward some logical excuse for leaving at this moment.

A man followed them all the way to the Krumerweg.

Carmichael threw himself eagerly into the gayety of the dance. He was an accomplished waltzer, after the manner of that day, when one went round and round like some mechanical toy wound up. This would be the last affair of the kind for him, and he wanted a full memory of it. Between times he exchanged a jest or two with the chancellor or talked battles with old Duewitz. Thrice while on the floor her highness passed him. But there was never a smile, never a glance. He became careless and reckless. He would seek her and talk to her and smile at her even if the duke threw a regiment in between. He saw Grumbach in the gallery.

"Now, what the devil is the Dutchman doing with a pair of opera glasses?"

Later her highness stood before one of the long windows in the conservatory listlessly watching the people in the square. Was that some one coming for her? She turned.

It was Carmichael.

What an opportunity for scandal! She laughed inwardly. The barons and their wives, the ambassadors' wives and their daughters, would miss them both. And the spirit of devilitry lay also upon her heart. She smiled at the man and with her fan bade him be seated at her side.

"You have not asked me to dance tonight," she declared.

"I am neither a prince nor an ambassador."

"But you have danced with me."

"Yes; I have been to heaven now and then."

"And do you eject yourself thus easily?"

"By turning myself out my self esteem remains unruffled."

"Then you expected to be turned out?"

"As I have said, I am not a prince. I am only a consul, not even a diplomat, simply a business arm of my government. My diplomacy never ascends above the quality of hops and wines imported. I am supposed to

"AND BECAUSE I LOVE HER!"

take in any wandering sailor, feed him and ship him home. I am also the official guide of all American tourists."

"That is no reason."

"Your father"— He should have said the grand duke.

"Ah, yes; my father, the chancellor, the ambassadors and their wives and daughters! I begin to believe that you have grown afraid of them."

"I confess that I have. I had an adventure last night. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Tell me."

He told her.

"A veiled lady," she mused. "What would you say if I told you that your mystery is no mystery at all? I am the veiled lady. And the person I went to see was my old nurse, my foster mother, with whom I spent the happiest, freest days of my life in the garret at Dresden. Pouf! All mysteries may be dispelled if we go to the right person. So you are to be recalled?"

"I have asked for my recall, your highness."

"And so Dreiberg no longer appeals to you? You once told me that you loved it."

"I am cursed with wanderlust, your highness."

"You promised to tell me what she is like."

Suddenly all his fear went away, all his trepidation. The spirit of recklessness which had risen him a little while ago again empowered him. He was afraid of nothing.

"How shall I describe her?" he said. "I have seen only paintings and marbles, and these are inanimate. Have you ever seen ripe wheat in a rainstorm? That is the color of her hair. There are jade and lapis lazuli in her eyes." He leaned toward her. "And I love her better than life, better than hope, and between us there is the distance of a thousand worlds. So I must give up the dream and go away, as an honorable man should."

Neither of them heard the chancellor's approach.

"And because I love her!"

Her fan dropped to the floor.

"Your highness," broke in the cold, even tones of Herbeck, "your father is making inquiries about you."

Carmichael rose instantly, white as the frill in his shirt.

Hildegarde, however, was a princess. She gained her feet leisurely, with a half smile on her lips.

"Count, Herr Carmichael tells me that he is soon to leave Dreiberg."

"Ah!" There was satisfaction in Herbeck's ejaculation. But there was a glint of admiration in his eyes as he recognized the challenge in Carmichael's. "We shall miss Herr Carmichael."

Her highness moved serenly toward the door. Carmichael waited till she was gone from sight; then he stooped and picked up the fan.

* * * * * * *

The entrance to the vast ducal vineyards was made through a small lodge where the ducal vintner lived and kept his books and moneys till such time as he should be required to place them before the proper official. Upon the morning following the ball at the palace the vintner was reclining against the outside wall of the gates, smoking his china pipe and generally at peace with the world. He discerned a solitary figure approaching from the direction of Dreiberg—a youthful figure, buoyant of step and confident. Herr Hoffman was rather interested. The youth paused at the gate and inspected the old man highly.

"Herr Hoffman, I want work."

"So? What can you do?"

The youth recounted his abilities.

"I have a letter to you also."

"Let me see it."

Hoffman saw it, but with startling eyes. There was, then, something new under the sun. A picker of grapes recommended by a princess!

"Du lieber Gott! You are Leopold Dietrich?"

"Yes, herr."

"How did you come by this letter?"

"Her serene highness is patron to Gretchen, the goose girl, at whose request the recommendation was given me."

This altered matters. The two entered the office.

"Can you write?"

"A little, herr."

"Then write your name on this piece of paper and that. Each night you will present yours with the number of pounds, which will be credited to you. You must bring it back each morning. If you lose it you will be paid nothing for your labor."

Dietrich wrote his name twice. Still Hoffman was not wholly satisfied with his eyes.

"Gottlieb," he said to one of the men, "take him to terrace 98. We'll see what sort of workman he is." He spoke to Dietrich again: "What is Gretchen to you?" For Hoffman knew Gretchen.

"She is my sweetheart, herr." And there was no mockery in the youth's eyes as he said this.

"Take him along, Gottlieb."

Terrace 98 was given over to small grapes. Thus many bunches had to be picked to fill the basket. But Dietrich went to work with a will. His fingers were deft, and his knife was sharp, and by midsun he had turned his sixth basket, which was fair work, considering.

As Hoffman did not feed his employees, Dietrich was obliged to beg from his coworkers. Very willingly they shared with him their coarse bread and onions. He ate the bread and stuffed the onions in his pocket. Once more the youth was alone. He set down his basket and laughed. Was there ever such a fine world? The very danger of it was the spice which gave it flavor.

"I love her, I love her!" His face grew bright again, and the waging blood ran tingling in his veins. "Am I a thief, a scoundrelly thief, because I have that right common to all men to love one woman? Some day I shall suffer for this; some day my heart shall ache. So be it!"

His fingers were growing sore and sticky and there was a twinge in his back as he shouldered his eighth basket and scrambled down to the man who weighed the pick. He was beginning his ninth when he saw Gretchen coming along the purple aisle.

"What a beautiful day!" said Gretchen, with a happy laugh.

"Kiss me."

"When you fill that basket."

"Not before?"

"Not even a little one," mischief in her glance.

Out came the knife, and the vintner plied himself furiously. Gretchen had a knife of her own, and she joined him.

"There!" he said at last. "That's what I call work. But it is worth it. Now!"

Gretchen put her hands behind her back, closed her eyes and raised her chin. He kissed not only the lovely mouth, but the eyes and cheeks and hair.

"I ask only for your love, Gretchen—only that." And he pressed her hands. "All men are rogues more or less. There are so many currents and eddies entering into a man's life. It is made up of a thousand variant interests. No; man's love is never like a woman's. But remember this, Gretchen—I loved you the best I knew how, as a man loves but once, honorable as it was possible, purely and dearly."

He ripped a bunch of grapes from the vine, a thing no careful vintner should do, and held it toward her.

"Have you ever heard of the kissing cherries?" he asked.

She shook her head. He explained.

"This bunch will do very well."

He took one grape at the bottom in his teeth. Gingerly Gretchen did the

GRETCHEN RAISED HER CHIN.

same. Their lips met in a smothered laughter. Then they tried it again.

And this Watteau picture met the gaze of two persons on the terrace below. The empurpling face of one threatened an explosion, but the smiling face of the other restrained this vocal thunder. The old head vintner kicked a stone savagely. Gretchen and her lover turned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.
Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.00 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 18, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.50, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 6.13, 9.13 p. m.

Leave Newport for Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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Three of a Kind.

Duprez, the great but ill favored French tenor, was once walking from the Grand Opera House in Paris with the baritone Barolihet, who was not an Apollo either. They happened to meet Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin and so ugly that a manager once said he could never engage Perrot unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological gardens), as he engaged no monkeys.

Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him Perrot said: "Why, surely you need not laugh. If I am ugly I am certainly not so ugly as either of you."

"You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled." And, seeing a stranger pass who appeared to be a gentleman, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to arbitrate in a little difference of opinion between us?"

"With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can."

"Well," said Duprez, "just look at us and say whom you consider to be the ugliest of the three."

The gentleman looked for some time from one to the other and then said, "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide," and went away roaring with laughter.

Better Late Than Not at All.

The pastor of the little country church had been much annoyed by having the members of his congregation straggle in long after the service had begun. One Sunday morning, when he felt that further forbearance with this fault was impossible, he decided to rebuke some conspicuous offender. About twenty minutes later than the proper hour there entered a mild mannered little woman, one of the regular attendants of the church, but quite incorrigible in her tardiness. The minister looked up, fixed her with his spectacles and remarked:

"Sister, you are very much behind time. I hope you will not be so late in getting into heaven."

The little woman looked up, smiled sweetly and without a trace of confusion replied placidly:

"I shan't care about that, doctor, so long as I get there."

And now the pastor feels that the smile that went round the church somehow spoiled the effectiveness of his reprimand.—New York Tribune.

Chinese and the Morse Code.

Difficulties of the Chinese language were ably demonstrated when the problem arose of adapting it to telegraphy. How was it possible to apply the Morse alphabet to a language which has no alphabet at all, but consists of nearly 44,000 characters? Then it was impossible to treat Chinese phonetically, writing down the sound of the Chinese words in European letters and transiating them into Morse dots and dashes, because no such system could deal with the Chinese niceties of intonation. The ingenious solution came from a Danish professor. He simply codified the 7,000 commonest Chinese characters, representing each by numerals. Thus the Chinese word for "cash" became 6030 in the code, and the operator had only to send the code signal for that.

Rachel's Onion.

I was amused by the observations of a retired actress who sat beside me at the Conservatoire examinations and in an undertone thought aloud as the recitations went on.

"Why so much weeping and wringing of the hands?" she said of a candidate attempting Andromaque. "How she spoils her nice young face in attempting to force tears from her eyes! At this distance nobody could scent an onion in her pocket handkerchief. Rachel resorted to that trick in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' and the tears flowed freely without facial contortions. I heard it said that as she left the stage she gave the onion she held to Prince Napoleon to eat in salad and that he did so."—Paris Letter to London Truth.

Insurance Gambling.

The Britisher's favorite gambling is insurance gambling. He will take out a policy against anything, from the death of the king to the loss of a horse race by a thoroughbred. Marine insurance gambling by those who have no direct interest in the safety of a ship or its cargo grew into such abuses that parliament was compelled to pass a drastic act to prevent such gambling on marine accidents and losses by those not otherwise concerned.

Social Slights.

"Mrs. Jangle says she can remember when that fashionable Cumrox family didn't know where the next meal was coming from."

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "it's evident she didn't invite them to dine with her then, so there's no reason why they should invite her now."—Washington Star.

Audible Sleep.

"Is Mrs. Schnorer in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid of all work to the boarding house. "She's at present in her room."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am. I just overheard her taking a nap."

His Defense.

"What defense," asked the grafter's wife, "did you make when you faced the investigating committee?"

"I vehemently called the man who had brought the charges a liar."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Strictly Legal.

"What is a young man to do when his attention has been arrested by a pretty girl?"

"Why, carry his case to court, of course."—Red Hen.

Sarcastic.

"Is she a great singer?"

"No; I shouldn't call her great. You can understand every word she sings."—Detroit Free Press.

Took the Advice.

The president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men and dwelt with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only $24 in the world, spend $20 for a suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes, 50 cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk up to the job wherever it is and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway president sat down amid a storm of cheers. The very next morning a dapper looking young fellow walked into the outer office of the orator and, handing a note to the clerk, said, "Please give this to the president." The note read as follows:

"I have paid $20 for this suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes and 50 cents for a hair cut and a shave. I have walked from Harlem, and I would like a job as conductor on your road."

He got the job.

He Didn't Borrow.

A reference book on Russian history being needed right on the spot, the literary hack said he guessed he would go around to Clarke's to borrow his. He went to Clarke's, but he came back without the book.

"Didn't he have it?" the man's wife asked.

"He did, but I hadn't the nerve to ask for it. Clarke's plan of advertising book borrowers scared me off. Before I had a chance to mention Russian history he steered me past shelves where every few inches a dummy stood sandwiched in between real books. The labels on all the books were conspicuous, black lettering on white, and they set forth some mighty interesting statistics.

"'Three Musketeers,' borrowed March 25 by John Smith. Not returned.' After I had read about a dozen of those dummy labels I said it was a fine day, wasn't it. Clarke said yes, it was, and I came away. To advertise to subsequent visitors that I had borrowed one of Clarke's best books was a little too much notoriety for me."—New York Sun.

French Servants' Characters.

It is an unwritten law in France that you must never say anything bad about a servant or employee in his "character"—that is to say, if you cannot say anything good you must content yourself with a noncommittal statement which will not compromise his prospects. For instance, if you have caught your cook robbing you in such a shameful and impudent fashion that you are obliged to dismiss her you may not state on her "certificate" that you have dispensed with her services because you found she was dishonest. That, it is held, might prevent her obtaining a situation elsewhere, and as every one has to earn his bread the cook must be given the opportunity of recommencing her larceny elsewhere. All that you are entitled to say on her "character" if you will not lie and pay her compliments is that she entered and left your service on certain dates.—Paris Letter to London Globe.

Armies in Old Testament Times

All through ancient history oriental armies had no sentinels, and this in the Bible King Saul when he was pursuing David slept without any guard, so that David stole up to where the king lay asleep and took the cruse of water at his head with him (I Samuel, xxvii). A striking illustration of this was when Alexander the Great, accompanied by his chief officers, entered the lines of the Persian army the night before the decisive battle of Arbela and found that there was not one of the sleeping host who observed them. We can readily see, therefore, that a panic might occur by a sudden night attack on an army so carelessly guarded and that Abraham's company might easily have taken advantage of this.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Designer.

He Knew It.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you know very well you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

"I know it, teacher," replied the little fellow, "but it wasn't my fault."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" queried the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "I tried my best to think up a good excuse, but I just couldn't."—Chicago News.

A Gradual Reduction.

An old gentleman accustomed to walk around St. James' park every day was once asked by a friend if he still took his usual walk.

"No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do as much now. I cannot get around the park. I only go halfway around and back again."—Housekeeper.

The Start.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?"

"Yes, Dallinggor."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."—Stray Stories.

More Effective.

Husband—I saw the doctor today. He says I must go away and rest. Wife—Did you show him your tongue? Husband—No, but I told him about yours.

First Potatoes in Scotland.

It is claimed by a correspondent that the first person to grow potatoes in the open field in Scotland was Thomas Prentice, a day laborer in the West Barony of the parish in Glasgow, near Chapel Green. That was in the year 1723. It was about four years after that date that he (Prentice) entered the market with them and was very successful with his experiment, as he made £300 of it, which he sank in double interest and died at Edinburgh in 1762.—Glasgow Herald.

The Curious Mistletoe.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now, the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.

Already Planned.

There were few persons who knew the Locke family even in a casual way who had not discovered that Mrs. Locke was in the habit of nagging her husband and children. She loved them dearly, but at times nobody would have surmised it.

"What did Mr. Locke say when he found himself safe after those hours of danger?" some one asked a friend who had been in company with Mr. Locke on an ocean steamer which met with an accident in mid-Atlantic. "He never says the ordinary thing."

"No," said the friend, with a dry smile. "He didn't that time. I said to him, 'James, we ought to make something more of our lives from having them spared to us in this way,' for I had felt pretty solemn, I can tell you. I've no doubt James did, too, but what he said was, 'William, a good share of the rest of my life will be spent in explaining to Theodora how I happened to choose that steamer when there were dozens of others that reached home without any accident.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Long Spoon.

"Tomkyns" recently heard the expression "If you sup with the devil you will need a long spoon." "Though I never heard it before," he says, "it is evidently fairly well known, and what I should like to know is, What does it mean, and where does it come from?"

It means that if you are going to sit down to a meal with his Satanic majesty you will need a long spoon to avoid the necessity of getting too near the old gentleman and, in its general sense, of course, it implies that if you have dealings with a dangerous or notorious person it behooves you to use great caution. It comes from one of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and the quotation reads:

Who suppes with the Devyle sholde have a long spoone.

—London Answers.

A Queer Diagnosis.

A celebrated Dublin physician was Sir Dominic Corrigan, who was as much famed for his brusqueness toward patients as for his skill. In the course of some reminiscences William Charles Scully told a story of the doctor which is quite well worth quoting. "I was taken to see him," says the writer, "several times, but he always treated me with the utmost kindness. However, a highly respectable maiden aunt of mine had a different experience. She went to consult him. After sounding her—none too gently—and asking a few questions he gave a grunt and relapsed into silence. Then after a short pause of meditation he said, 'Well, ma'am, it's one of two things—either you drink or else you sit with your back to the fire.'"

Fining English Servants in 1680.

Nan Newton, for breaking a teapot in Phill's chamber, 2s. 6d.

Richard Knight, for pride and slighting, 2s. 6d.

William Hetherington, for not being ready to go to church three Sundays, 10 shillings.

Thomas Birdall, for being at Nuneaton from morning to night, 5 shillings

Cook, dead drunk, 10 shillings.

Anne Adams to be washmaid at Lady day. She went away the 29th of June for being wanton and careless She lost five pairs of sheets and five pillowbeers, for which my wife made her pay £1.—Diary of Sir Richard Newdigate.

Retribution.

Young Father (in the future)—Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling drives me frantic. Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph and put in the cylinder "At Ten Months." I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.

Squaring Himself.

Mrs. Henpecke—What do you mean, sir, by telling Mrs. Torker's husband you never ask my advice about anything? Henpecke—Well, Maria, I don't. You don't wait to be asked.

Showing the Way.

Friend (to guide)—Why does your wife always go round with the parties that you take over the castle? Guide—She always gives me a tip at the end so as to induce the others to follow suit.—London Answers.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.—Burke.

Insulting a Humorist.

"Did you write this joke?"

"I did."

"Ha-ha-ha!"

"Well, what are you laughing at? Ain't it a good joke?"—Toledo Blade.

The wise man is cured of ambition by ambition.—La Bruyere.

Curious Baths in Penang.

One of the many things that strike the tourist as curious at Penang is the type of baths with which the hotels are provided. Penang is in the Straits Settlements, a British crown colony in the Malay peninsula, deriving its name from the straits of Malacca, which form the great trade route between India and China. From each of the first class rooms opens a dark, cement paved, damp smelling little room which serves as the bath. In it is an immense jar of porous brown earthenware about five feet high, nearly three feet in diameter in the middle and but one and a half feet in diameter at the top. It stands huge and graceful of outline, but dark and uninviting, and is full to the brim with water, not, however, to get into. Near it are a supply of soft soap and a long handled quart dipper. The proper procedure is to soap the body well, then throw several dippers of water over it, repeating the process until satisfied. There is water enough to keep it up for an hour or so, and there is a huge crash towel as large as a sheet to wrap up in when the bath is over.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Gamecocks in Panama.

The color line is not very distinctly drawn in the Latin republics. The San Blas Indians are found in and around Panama. Like the Seminoles of Florida, they never were conquered. A curious feature of native life in Panama is the cockfighting, which, like baseball in the United States, is more attractive to the public than any other form of recreation. Even the workmen on the streets have favorite birds tethered near by and seize every opportunity to test their prowess. The click-click of steel spurs as the birds strike each other, the spurting of blood and the clamor of men indulging in small wagers seem to supply the mental excitement that Spaniards find in bullfights and that English speaking races derive from less brutal contests. The backer of each gamecock stands behind it, and if his bird shows signs of exhaustion he takes it up and puts its bill into his mouth while he inflates its exhausted lungs. One gamecock in a fight witnessed by the writer, appearing almost dead, was thus revived, went back into the pit and finally killed its opponent.—National Magazine.

What Is an Element?

In his little book called "The Elements" Sir William A. Tilden defines an element as "a substance from which by the operation of ordinary chemical processes only one kind of matter can be obtained." This is something quite different from the four elements of Aristotle—fire, water, earth and air—or the salt, sulphur and mercury of the alchemists. Even in modern times the conception of what an element really is has changed somewhat. Sir William adds: "Until quite recently the elements of the inorganic world were supposed to be fixed, immutable, with the lapse of ages or under the mighty forces concerned in the making of worlds. But within a few years we have learned that the atoms at least are continually crumbling away. It is impossible to say whether all may not be suffering a slow waste which in the long run may lead back to the primal chaos."

When the Plague Raged.

Sir Walter Besant in one of his books says of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Journal of the Plague:" "De Foe was born in the year 1661. His father lived in Cripplegate, where, as we know, he had a shop. The child, therefore, was four years of age in the plague year. A child of four observes a great deal and may remember a great deal. De Foe says: 'When any one bought a joint of meat he would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks himself. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but put it into a pot full of vinegar which he kept for the purpose.' This must surely have been seen by the child and remembered. It happened in his father's shop before his eyes."

A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederick Barbarossa that he is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhausen, in the Harz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and he sits thus waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries. There he must stay for ages.

The Soft Answer.

He—Ugh, I'm going out of this, and you won't see me again until the day of judgment.

She (sweetly, getting the last word, as usual)—All right, dear, and if you aren't feeling in a better temper please let it be well on in the afternoon.—London Saturday Review.

Sympathetic Admiration.

Dinks—So you enjoyed the circus? Winks—Yes; I was particularly interested in the juggler. I'll bet that man could get any number of bundles from a street car to the train without dropping one of them.—St. Louis Times.

His Objection.

Scottish Bachelor—Will ye hae some tea? Visitor—Oh, please don't trouble! Bachelor—It's no the trouble; it's juist the expense.—Punch.

It Would.

Ella—They say sugar alone will sustain life for some time. Stella—Life would be sweet, wouldn't it?—Exchange.

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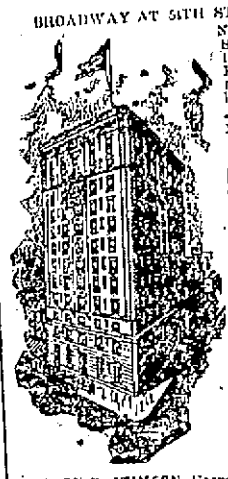

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The Mercury.

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Saturday, September 24, 1910.

It is said that Mayor Gaynor of New York is sure of the Democratic nomination for Governor of that State. That is, if his health will admit of it. If he should be nominated and elected, he will be a conspicuous candidate for President in 1912.

The next political demonstration is that which will come when the New York Republican State Convention meets on September 27. And the fight there will not be on the nomination for governor, although that detail is involved in profound doubt, but it will be for the post of temporary chairman of the convention.

The "Big Five" meat packers, or some of them, have been indicted under the Sherman anti-trust law. They may or may not be convicted but in either case the effect on the price of beef will infinitesimal. Some of the sensational newspaper writers are hysterically writing that if these men are convicted the price of cattle in the West will be higher and meat will be cheaper in the East. How can these things be—higher cattle, cheaper beef? Those two statements do not harmonize.

The contest for the privilege of running for Congress in this district against Colonel Sheffield goes merrily on, in the Democratic camp. It is now said that Mayor Boyle's friends are likely to hold the balance of power in the Convention. The fight will be largely in the city of Providence and between Theodore Francis Green and Representative O'Shaunnessy. If that city continues to be divided between two, Mayor Boyle may capture the prize.

Sanguine democratic leaders have figured out that with a landslide they may capture the next U. S. senate as well as the house. To do this they must elect democratic senators in Indiana, Connecticut, Nebraska, Missouri, Nevada, Maine, Montana, New York, Ohio, New Jersey, North Dakota, West Virginia and Massachusetts—13 states, each of which now has a republican senator.—Boston Herald.

Why omit Rhode Island from the list of States they expect to capture? Might as well make a clean sweep of it—before election. They will not be so sanguine after the election is over.

The Republican Conventions will be held in Providence on Wednesday, October 19th. The State Convention will have two hundred and seventy-six delegates or two for each Senator and Representative in the General Assembly under the new apportionment. This will give the City of Newport twelve delegates, and the City of Providence fifty-two. The First Congressional district will have 110 delegates of which the City of Providence will have 52. The Convention will be held in Infantry Hall and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is to be the principal speaker.

A "progressive" club was organized in Providence a few days ago, and a committee of five representative gentlemen was appointed to select a committee of one hundred to control the Republican nominations for General Assembly throughout the State. But unfortunately for the success of the plan as soon as the gentlemen learned of the unwarranted use of their names they hastened to resign and soon there was nobody left but that veteran reformer of many campaigns, that good old Democrat, Dr. Garvin. He never yet was known to decline anything so it looks as though he might stick, and the campaign will go merrily on.

Three years is none too long a time in which to lay plans for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the victory of Rhode Island's great fighting Commodore, Oliver Hazard Perry, at the battle of Lake Erie. The State should be liberal enough in its appropriations for celebrating the event to impress upon the country how important was its share in the struggle which saved the then Northwest to the United States.—Providence Journal.

Rhode Island's share in this great battle and victory is nearly the whole thing. The State and the city of Newport not only furnished the hero for the occasion but nearly all the heroes that fought under him. The Battle of Lake Erie was fought and won by Newport men.

There seems to be plenty of candidates among the Democrats for Congressional honors. Mayor Boyle will go into the Convention, it is said, backed by the solid vote from Newport County. Assemblyman O'Shaunnessey and ex-Assemblyman Theodore Francis Green, both of Providence, are making a hot fight. Providence will have fifty of the eighty-eight delegates and if they unite on one man he will be the nominee. In the second district, there are two candidates, T. F. Cooney of Cranston and Joseph McDonald of Pawtucket are both making a red hot fight to get the chance to be beaten by Congressman Capron. Chairman Fitzsimmons has nominated a committee to "select" candidates for the State ticket. When "selected," the rank and file are expected to step up promptly and ratify the selection. It is claimed that the State ticket will be made up of men entirely different from last year.

General Brayton Dead.

General Charles R. Brayton, for many years member of the Republican National Committee from Rhode Island, and acknowledged leader of the party in the State, died at the hospital in Providence Friday morning, having been there since sustaining a fall in his office a few weeks ago, when a clip was broken. His illness was complicated with diabetes, from which he had suffered for years, and although he was at first expected to recover he had failed greatly in the past few days and his death was no surprise to those who were closest to him.

Charles R. Brayton was born in Warwick August 16, 1840, the son of Congressman William Daniel Brayton and grandson of Justice Charles Brayton of the Supreme Court. He entered Brown University in 1859 but left in his sophomore year to enlist in the army for the Civil War. He was made first Lieutenant of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery on August 16, 1861, and was steadily promoted until he was made colonel of his regiment in 1864. He was chief of artillery at the siege of Forts Wagner and Sumter. His army career was a brilliant one, and he was regarded as one of the ablest artillery officers on the Union side. He was mustered out in 1864 and was made brevet brigadier general of volunteers for meritorious services during the war.

After the close of the war he served for a time as postmaster at Port Royal, S. C., and afterward was appointed an officer in the regular army. He was for six years postmaster at Providence, and has held a number of other offices of trust. He was an active member of the G. A. R., having been department commander of Rhode Island, and before his sickness intended to attend the national encampment at Atlantic City this week, in company with Captain Edward Wilcox. He is survived by a widow and one son.

General Brayton was one of the most prominent citizens of Rhode Island. For more than forty years he had taken an active part in the politics of the State and had long been a power in the party. Although many had sought to displace him from the position that he occupied he kept his power with the same courage and tenacity that marked his conduct during the terrible struggle of 1861-64. He was especially beloved by the veterans of the war and it was his delight to meet with his old comrades and talk over the days of the war. He was a man that never took to cover but stood in the open while the storm broke over his head. He will be greatly missed throughout the State.

The New Bishop

The Episcopalians of the Rhode Island Diocese have chosen Rev. J. DeWolf Perry, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., as Bishop in place of Bishop McVicar deceased. There was a long controversy over the choice, there being many candidates and many ballots taken. Rev. Dr. Porter of this city presided.

The new bishop was born in Germantown, Pa., Oct. 3, 1871, the son of James DeWolf and Elizabeth Russell (Tyson) Perry. He is connected with the Rhode Island DeWolf family. He was graduated from the Germantown Academy in 1887 and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Pennsylvania in 1891. He spent the next year in post-graduate work at Harvard and then entered the Cambridge Theological School, from which he was graduated in 1895 with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Rev. Mr. Perry received his deacon's orders in that year and in 1896 was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church. He was assistant minister at Christ Church, Springfield, Mass., from 1895 to 1897, and then became rector of Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass., where he remained until 1901, when he assumed direction of St. Paul's Church, New Haven.

Mr. Perry was chaplain of the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment during the Spanish war and until 1904, the command being the historic one which at the outbreak of the Civil War was the centre of a riot demonstration in Baltimore, Md. Mr. Perry was married Jan. 2, 1908, to Miss Edith Dean Weir in New Haven.

In November of last year he was called to Grace Church, in Providence, but declined the call. The election to the bishopric of Rhode Island comes as a surprise to him, as he had been given no intimation of the fact that he was to be put in nomination.

It must be borne in mind that the Maine frost of September 12 did not injure the harvests. Neither corn nor cotton grows in Maine.—Exchange.

Perhaps hereafter the demand for corn for purposes usually prevailing in Kentucky and the other whiskey states may make the people of Maine greater growers of that crop.

The stockholders of the Providence, Warren and Bristol railroad are to be given the chance to subscribe for 4873 shares of new stock at $150.00 a share, par value $100.00. The proceeds of the sale are to be used for double-tracking the road from Warren to Fall River.

Former Judge Charles C. Mumford of Providence has been made an active 33d degree Mason in place of Dr. Kenyon deceased, and Representative George H. Holmes of that city has been made an honorary 33d.

Mr. Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., has returned to Dartmouth and Miss Margarita E. Higbee to Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King leave for New York to-day.

The True Policy.

The words of Vice President Sherman have the right sound. He says: Admitting the necessity and the certainty of further revision, as claimed by the critics of the present law, then the policy of the country should be to put the revision in the hands of a party not pledged and committed to a tinplug up of all schedules and a readjustment of all rates. If the country favors the protective policy, it should trust revision only to men who will keep that policy in view instead of calling to such work a party historically opposed to protective tariffs.

There can be no doubt that the protective policy is approved and supported by a vast majority of the voters in the United States. The proof of that fact is seen the most clearly whenever the Democratic party is given a commission to revise the tariff. Though it has always thundered in its platforms against the principle of protection, that party has never been called to the work of making a tariff law without disclosing such divisions in its ranks as to make it plain that thousands of its voters support it either by force of hereditary habit, or for other reasons than its tariff doctrine, while other thousands support it in the expectation and belief that it can be restrained from doing what it has pledged itself to do.

The result has been chaos whenever the Democratic party has had to make a new tariff law. In the end, as it was in 1894, that element in its electorate who write its platforms and force their adoption, is always strong enough to make sweeping reductions in the schedules. Before this result can be reached, however, the delay, hesitation and uncertainty in the business world have already brought about conditions which the new law can only intensify. Since every man of intelligence knows that the public opinion of the country favors the protective policy as our permanent policy, and since there is but one party in our politics which consistently and unfeedly supports that policy, the wisdom of trusting revision only to the friends and never to the enemies of tariffs, is very clear. The point seems to have been obscured in the fog in which we have all been groping for some time past. Mr. Sherman has set the fact out clearly and it should be of great value to his party between now and November.

Canadian Reciprocity.

As soon as the President returns to Washington it is said that negotiations will be commenced looking to a reciprocity treaty with Canada. A preliminary step has been taken in the matter by the President in securing from Ambassador Bryce a waiver of the formality of having the negotiations conducted through the British Embassy. It appears that the subject was discussed between Mr. Taft and the Canadian authorities at the conferences held in Albany last spring, when the tariff agreement between the two countries was under consideration. The spirit in which the President would approach the subject was then clearly indicated by him in public statements, and the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other high officials of the Dominion government are understood to be in favor of the plan for a treaty. No details of the proposed negotiations appear to have been arranged as yet, but President Taft is said to entertain the hope that the diplomatic exchanges will be well under way by the time that Congress convenes in December. It is not generally believed, however, that the negotiations will be brought to a speedy conclusion.

To Question Candidates

These are the questions that the "Progressive" Club, of which only Dr. Garvin remains, proposes to ask the candidates who may be nominated throughout the State for members of the General Assembly.

"Will you, if elected, vote to approve of an amendment to the State Constitution which shall provide that a reasonable minority of the electors, not exceeding 15 per centum of all, may initiate specific amendments to the Constitution by filing a petition therefor with the Secretary of State, said amendments to be placed by him upon the official ballot at the next general election and submitted to the people for their approval or rejection?

"Will you, if elected, vote for direct primaries?

"Will you, if elected, vote for home rule for the cities and towns of the State?

"Will you, if elected, support for the United States Senate a candidate of progressive principles, who opposes the Aldrich-Payne tariff and the continuance in power of Joseph G. Cannon and his followers?

"Will you, if elected, favor and vote for a referendum act which enables cities and towns to adopt an eight-hour day through the vote of their citizens legally voting?

"Will you, if elected, vote and work for a repeal of chapter 530 of the acts of 1885, thereby giving to the Council of Providence the regulation of the wages and hours of all employed by the city on public works?"

May Come Soon.

Narragansett bay is being seriously considered by the officials of the navy as the next location for a naval drydock, according to reports in naval circles at Newport. The bay has long been held as a most favorable spot for a naval dock, and it is now said that one of the reasons that Secretary of the Navy Meyer spent so much time in Newport last month was for the purpose of looking over the available sites for a naval dock and up-to-date repair plant. It will have to come sooner or later as Narragansett Bay is the only place on the Atlantic coast where there is sufficient protected water to float Uncle Sam's big Dreadnoughts.

The appearance of so many balloons and airships has caused the public to heed the optimistic admonition of Dr. Hale: "Look up, not down."

G. A. R. Meeting.

The Grand Army of the Republic have had a great meeting this week at Atlantic City. Several veterans from Newport were present. The next Commander-in-Chief will be John E. Gilman of Boston, a one-armed veteran. Rochester, N. Y., was chosen as the next place of meeting of the Encampment.

The department of Kentucky wants the national hymn "America" to include the name of Lincoln. It has proposed an amendment to the rules of the organization that the following lines be used in patriotic and in memorial exercises in singing "America":

"Reunited land,
'Neath Lincoln's guiding hand,
Our love we give.
Land, tyranny defied,
Land we can pe'er divide,
Land, soldiers glorified,
For thee we live."

Col. Gilman was a member of the Fighting Twelth Massachusetts Infantry, enlisting at a tender age after he had run away from home, smitten with the war fever. The Colonel of his regiment was Fletcher Webster, son of the illustrious Daniel Webster, and during his entire Civil War experience he served successively under Gens. Pope, McClellan, Burnside, "Fighting Joe" Hooker and Meade.

The bloodiest engagement of his regiment was at Antietam, where 80 per cent. of the men were either killed outright or mortally wounded. He was at the front most of the many days of terrible fighting at Gettysburg and only laid down his gun when one of his arms was blown off by a rebel shell. Gilman is one of the original members of the G. A. R., having joined the organization in 1863.

The late Elbridge I. Stoddard of Portsmouth, for many years Senator in the General Assembly, was a member of this regiment.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Washington, D. C. Sept. 23.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Sept. 24 to 28, warm wave 23 to 27, cool wave 28 to 30. Great extremes will result from this storm wave; very warm to very cool with mid-latitude frosts preceding and following the storm center and warm wave. Heavy rains in Texas, the Carolinas, upper Missouri and upper Mississippi valleys, about the upper great lakes and in the northwest.

First disturbance in October will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 30, cross Pacific slope by close October 1, great central valleys 2 to 4, eastern sections 5. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 30, great central valleys Oct. 2, eastern sections 4. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 3, great central valleys 5, eastern sections 7.

This will be a very radical disturbance bringing all kinds of extremes in weather features. A tropical storm is expected to organize in the Caribbean Sea about Sept. 29 and a cold wave in northwest part of northwest weather section about the same time. That cold wave will cause freezing weather in northwest section and very cool weather farther south.

The storm center on the continent will become severe about Oct. 1. Temperatures will rise very rapidly, electric storms are probable, high winds will occur, heavy rains will fall along and west of Meridian 90, floods are expected in vicinity of Houston, Texas, from vicinity of Kansas city and St. Louis to New Orleans and very heavy rains in Cuba. Not much rain east of Meridian 90 on the continent.

From about Oct. 2 to 28 an average of unusually warm weather is expected, with very cool weather preceding and following these dates. Most rains are expected last days of September and last week of October. The month will be unusually stormy. Both the transcontinental and the tropical storms will be numerous and severe.

Weather conditions of October will be quite favorable to fall pastures of Meridian 90 and as unfavorable east of that line. Cropweather will be good for sowing winter wheat and for other fall plowing west of Meridian 90, and as unfavorable east of that line. The Atlantic coast states will be unusually dry except in southern Florida and Cuba where heavy rains are expected.

Dangerous storms are expected not far from Oct. 1, 14, 18, 23 and from 28 to 30. All indications point to October as one of the warmest and stormiest for many years.

Frosts will come so late in the cotton belt that top growth of cotton will be uncommonly good and will add largely to the estimated cotton production.

The world's wheat crop has been gathered and the estimate is 3,624,000,000 bushels on 235,000,000 acres. The yield is not so large as last year, but is above the average. When the corn statistics come in they are expected to show a banner crop in the United States.

Whatever else may be lacking there is always enough politics to cover the whole United States.

The Democratic city committee has organized by the election of Jeremiah P. Mahoney as chairman, J. Frank Albro secretary, and Patrick J. Boyle treasurer.

A big corn crop is so nearly assured that Uncle Sam may shortly be able to claim that this is a three-billion-bushel country in one of the great farm products.

"As goes Maine, so goes the country"—sometimes. Maine went Democratic for governor in September, 1880, and Maine and the country went Republican for president two months later.

Of all the men now holding offices Emperor William is one of the few who claim to have divine credentials.—Exchange.

How about Roosevelt? He holds no office but he claims credentials for most everything.

Admiral William H. Everett has rented the Cleveland Cottage for another year.

New England Navigation Co.

FOR NEW YORK—
ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE. Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 9.15 P. M.; Sundays 10 P. M. Steamers COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA. Orchestra on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

WICKFORD LINE...
WATER and RAIL ROUTE
Steamer GENERAL
from Long Wharf.

Week days only	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Newport (Str.) lv.	9.00	1.05	4.05	7.00
Wickford Jun. ar.	11.15	2.15	5.15	8.32
Wickford Jun. lv.	11.40	2.33	7.01	9.00
New London, ar.	12.45	3.45	8.03	10.30
New Haven, ar.	1.50	4.50	9.10	11.55
New York, ar.	8.50	7.00	11.00	a1.55
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

aArrives Harlem River Station.

For Block Island and Providence.

ALL WATER ROUTE

STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM

"MEAL SERVICE A LA CARTE"

Week days leave Long Wharf, Newport, 11.15 a. m. Due Block Island 1.15 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 3.30 p. m. Due Newport 5.15 p. m. Providence 7.15 p. m. Sundays leaves Newport 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island 1.40 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 3.30 p. m. Due Newport 5.15 p. m., Providence 7.15 p. m.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 320 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamers.
C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York.
1-8

WEEKLY ALMANAC

SEPTEMBER 1910	STANDARD TIME					
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn		High water Eve
24 Sat	5 48	5 56	9 29	11 30		
25 Sun	5 49	5 51	10 24	12 10	12	23
26 Mon	5 50	5 55	11 25	1 19	1	41
27 Tues	5 51	5 51	mo'n	2 30	2	52
28 Wed	5 52	5 49	0 38	3 31	3	55
29 Thurs	5 53	5 47	1 42	4 30	4	50
30 Fri	5 54	5 46	2 51	5 20	5	40

New Moon, 8th day, 1h. 8m., evening
First Quarter 15th day, 5h. 10m evening
Full Moon 23d day, 3h. 10m., evening
Last Quarter, 29th day, 3h. 54m., evening

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Births.

At the Newport Hospital, Sept. 16, 1910, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Adams.

Marriages.

In this city, 19th inst., at St. Joseph's rectory, by Rev. Father Doran, Martha Agnes McLoughlin and Charles Frank Lammond.

Deaths.

In this city, suddenly, 17th inst., at his home, 13 Pope street, Joseph A. O'Neill, aged 53 years.

In this city, 21st inst., at her residence, 11 Annandale road, Julia A., wife of William J. Burke.

In Cambridge, Mass., 21st inst., Margaret M., wife of of Michael F. Sullivan, of this city, aged 30 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

"Come Across."

"Do these Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London and the duke has just cabled me to come across."

"Well?"

"Does he want me or my wad?"

TRAGEDY IN WINE ROOM

Has Its Sequel in Publisher Hanging Himself in Jail

Cleveland, Sept. 23.—As the end of a close acquaintanceship of unknown duration, B. W. Yates, a wealthy Detroit business man, shot and seriously wounded Mrs. Fred Singer in a Rocky River wine room, and two hours later hanged himself in the county jail.

Last night the woman's attorney, Frank Billman, was closeted with Yates' two sons for several hours. The results of the interview were not made public and the three absolutely refused to discuss the shooting or its cause.

Yates was 48 years of age and married. He was chairman of the board of directors of the Business Men's Publishing company of Detroit, was owner and manager of a hotel and possessed extensive lumber holdings.

Mrs. Singer, formerly a resident of Detroit, but later residing in a Cleveland hotel, is the wife of a traveling salesman.

MASKED WOMAN REAPPEARS

Creates Alarm Among Residents of a Canadian Town

Richmond, P. Q., Sept. 23.—Persons in this town are greatly alarmed over the reappearance of the mysterious masked woman who a few nights ago attacked Mr. Elliott, a wealthy grocer. The woman, who was seen by several persons, went to the home of one of the residents and demanded money of him. When he refused she threatened to do him bodily harm, but she disappeared when the occupants of the house held an iron bar over her head.

It is believed that the mysterious "masked" woman is either a man or a female confederate of two suspicious men who have recently been seen lurking around the neighborhood where the woman has sought to obtain money. The police are in a quandary over the matter and have made no arrests.

MYSTERY IN SUICIDE OF BOSTON WOMAN

Registered at Montreal Hotel Under an Assumed Name

Montreal, Sept. 23.—Mystery surrounds the suicide of Mrs. Bernon K. Mumford of Boston, whose body was found hanging to the door of a bathroom in her suite in the Hotel Corona here.

Boston dispatches indicate that the members of the dry goods firm of which Mumford is a partner can throw no light on the mystery, and that, when Mrs. Mumford was in Boston recently, she appeared to have no troubles and to be happy.

The wealth of the Mumfords and their social position in New England only serves to deepen the mystery in the case. Why Mrs. Mumford came here cannot be ascertained, as she apparently had no relatives or friends in the city. Mumford is at present in Minnesota.

Mrs. Mumford registered at the Corona hotel as Mrs. J. M. Brown of New York.

FORTY-TWO PERSONS KILLED

Frightful Result of Collision of Interurban Cars in Indiana

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 22.—Forty-two persons were killed and seven were seriously injured in a head-on collision between two interurban cars seven miles north of Bluffton at a sharp curve. The cars in collision were a north-bound local car crowded to the steps, and a south-bound "extra" car from Fort Wayne. They met while both were running at high speed.

The collision is said to have been caused by misunderstanding of orders in regard to the south-bound "extra" car's taking a switch near Kingsland, so that the north-bound car could pass it.

The motormen of the two cars did not have time to set brakes when they sighted each other. The heavily loaded north-bound car was crushed and the bodies of the dead and injured were strewn on either side of the track amid the wreckage.

GRAND ARMY'S NEW HEAD

Gilman of Boston is Elected at the Atlantic City Encampment

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 23.—John E. Gilman of Boston for commander-in-chief and Rochester, N. Y., for the next place of meeting, was the winning combination in the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The other officers elected were: Senior vice commander-in-chief, Charles Burrows, Rutherford, N. J.; junior vice commander-in-chief, William James, Jacksonville, Fla.; surgeon general, John L. Smith, Spokane, Wash.; chaplain-in-chief, Rev. Thomas Harwood, Albuquerque, N. M.

MEAT DEALERS INDICTED

Salem and Beverly Concerns Charged With Giving False Weights

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 21.—Eight indictments against meat concerns in Salem and Beverly on charges of giving false weights were returned by the Essex county grand jury in a final report to Judge Schofield. The indictments are against the following:

Swift & Co. of Salem, John P. Squire & Co. of Beverly, Armour & Co., of Salem, James A. Crane, Salem; William H. Reed, Beverly; Ernest P. Odell, Salem, and Alfonso E. Neal, Beverly.

RELEASE UNDER SMALL BONDS

Taken to Indicate Weak Case Against Mrs. Dodge

BAIL OF $5000 FURNISHED

Deputy Sheriff Who Is Nephew of Woman Accused of Killing Heath Becomes Her Bondsman—Counsel Says Slayer of Heath Is a Man and Will Be Brought to Justice—No Motive for Crime Yet Established

Lunenburg, Vt., Sept. 23.—Mrs. J. M. Dodge, released on bonds of $5000, left her home here yesterday afternoon for the first time since the murder of William Heath in the Dodge home last Saturday afternoon.

Her temporary release under small bonds and the apparent unconcern of her counsel indicate that the case of the state is regarded as weak, although it is admitted that no clue to indicate the presence of another person in the house at the time of the tragedy has been discovered.

Significance is attached to the amount of the bond, as small sureties in a capital case are allowed under the Vermont laws if the state is unable to show premeditation or if the presumption of guilt is great but the proof is small.

Mrs. Dodge waived examination late yesterday. The bonds were furnished by Deputy Sheriff Dodge, the woman's nephew, and by Julian Hell, her son-in-law.

Attorney General Sargent refused to give any information whatever in regard to the case, and it is believed that he realizes that the state has little chance of convicting the accused woman.

Harry W. Blodgett, Mrs. Dodge's junior counsel, has, it is thought, come upon some clue as to the identity of the real murderer, upon which the police are now working. He has been quoted as saying that before the case is ended the person who killed Heath will be named and brought to justice.

If, however, anything has been learned that may lead to a discovery of the murderer, the authorities have carefully refrained from making it public. In the reported interviews with Blodgett, he committed himself only enough to say that the guilty person is a man.

So far as known, the government has no information beyond the fact that Heath was shot in the back, and that Mrs. Dodge appears to have been the only person in the house with him at the time. Another weak link in the state's chain of evidence is the fact that as far as Mrs. Dodge is concerned no motive for the murder can be found.

The officials of the government are no longer working on the suggestion of Mrs. Dodge that if Heath did not shoot himself someone secreted in the house without her knowledge must have done the murder and then escaped. When the shots were heard many of the neighbors ran out and, it is said, the place was observed from all sides. No one, however, was seen to leave the house.

Lunenburg, Vt., Sept. 19.—Mrs. J. M. Dodge, a widow, one of the best known women and the largest property holder in this vicinity, is under close guard in her home, charged with the murder of William Heath, 40, of Dalton, N. H.

When the body of Heath was found in the bedroom of Mrs. Dodge, he was lying on his back with a paint brush loosely grasped in his right hand, and a paint pot to the left of his body. The revolver was lying on the top of a bureau with three chambers empty, all bearing marks of having been recently fired.

The bureau was distant about five feet from where the body of Heath was lying and bore no marks of blood, which was spattered on the carpet and furniture near the body.

At the time of the shooting, so far as known, Heath and Mrs. Dodge were the only persons in the house, no servants being employed by the woman under arrest. Heath had been given a contract to paint the interior of the house.

JOB CONSIDERED UNLUCKY

Men Working on Building Strike After Two Sudden Deaths

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 23.—Following the sudden deaths of two men from heart disease, ten others, employed in the construction of a house in East Thirty-third street, have gone on strike, declaring the building is unlucky.

Twenty-four hours after James Cunningham signed a contract with Joseph Kreft for the latter to do the painting and decorating of the house, the former was found dead, a victim of heart disease. Twenty-four hours after Cunningham's death, to the minute, Kreft dropped dead, also a victim of heart disease. Then and there the other men employed on the building quit work and refused to go back.

New Bishop of Rhode Island

Providence, Sept. 22.—Rev. James DeWolf Perry, Jr., rector of St. Paul's church, New Haven, was chosen bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island to succeed the late Rt. Rev. William N. McVickar, by the special convention of the diocese.

King of Siam Is Fifty-Seven

Bangkok, Sept. 23.—King Chulalongkorn is celebrating the 57th anniversary of his birth. The king held a reception in the grand palace.

CHARLES S. HAMLIN

"Declaration of Principles" of Candidate For Governor

TALKS TO AGRICULTURALISTS

Hamlin States His Political Creed at Franklin County Fair

Greenfield, Mass., Sept. 23.—Charles S. Hamlin, who is a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, was the principal speaker in connection with the sixty-first annual fair of the Franklin County Agricultural association here, stating his political creed.

He said he believed in direct nominations; constitutional amendments to enable the people "in great emergencies to put their seal of approval or condemnation on any proposed legislative measure;" direct election by the people of United States senators; an honest and just apportionment of legislative and senatorial districts; direct nominations for state, county and city offices; consolidation of many of our state commissions; expert investigation of the various departments of our state government; a purchasing agent of supplies for state institutions; arbitration in wage controversies; an immediate opening of the tariff question at the coming session of congress in December.

THREE INDICTED IN POISON CASES

Action Relating to Deaths From Drinking Wood Alcohol

West Kingston, R. I., Sept. 22.—The Washington county grand jury reported indictments for manslaughter and maintaining liquor nuisances against John and Caterina Cisco and John Difanti, in connection with the whisky poisoning in Westerly last April. None of the defendants was present and Judge Brown ordered that they appear and plead to the indictments on Monday.

Both the Ciscos and Difanti are charged with having sold the so-called "wood alcohol whisky" which caused the deaths of two of the fourteen victims of the poisonous liquor, the Ciscos being held responsible for the death of Daniel T. Sullivan on April 13 and Difanti for the death of Michael Reilly on April 25.

ROOSEVELT'S PREDICTION

Says His Victory at Saratoga Convention Is Already Won

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The utter rout of the "Old Guard" by Theodore Roosevelt at the Republican state convention in Saratoga is predicted by Roosevelt himself.

At the conclusion of a long conference at Sagamore Hill with half a dozen of his lieutenants, Roosevelt said: "I think I may be reasonably safe in saying that we shall have 100 majority."

All through the fight, which began with the Sherman incident, Roosevelt has refused to express any opinion as to the outcome, and none was expected from him now, but the reports he received yesterday afternoon convinced him that it was all over but the shouting.

CHINAMEN IN FREIGHT CAR

Four Supposed to Have Been Smuggled Found in Holyoke

Holyoke, Mass., Sept. 20.—Four Chinamen, whom the authorities say were being smuggled into this country from Canada, were found in a freight car, well provided with food and opium, in the Boston and Maine freight yard in this city by the local police. The Chinamen were taken to the local station, where they are being held for United States officers.

The freight car in which the Chinamen were found was billed from Harnish, P. Q., and consigned to J. Drew of this city.

Eloping Priest a Suicide

Madrid, Sept. 23.—Rev. Father Novedo, a professor in a Capuchin college here, committed suicide at Lorca when overtaken by the uncle of a woman with whom he eloped. The priest shot himself.

Bodies Found in the Maine

Havana, Sept. 23.—Forty-five divers, under Chief McDurham, have begun work on the Maine. Several bodies have been found in the cabin, but remain untouched, following Captain Ferguson's orders.

MRS. STORER'S NEW EVIDENCE

Produced in Returning to Attack on Roosevelt

QUOTES UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Says Her Husband Was Asked to Visit Pope and Urge Him to Make Archbishop Ireland a Cardinal as Personal Favor to the Then President—Roosevelt Sought Berth in Navy Department, She Declares

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 22.—The Republican prints today a letter from Mrs. Bellamy Storer, written in France, Sept. 6, reviewing the controversy between the Storers and Mr. Roosevelt, concerning the former president's alleged authorization of the former ambassador to Austria-Hungary to visit Pope Pius X and ask him as a personal favor to the President of the United States to make Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul a cardinal.

Letters written by the archbishop in 1903 and 1904, hitherto unpublished, are quoted by Mrs. Storer to show that at repeated interviews in the White House between the archbishop and the president, Roosevelt acknowledged that he had commissioned Storer to act as his personal envoy at the Vatican in behalf of the archbishop.

Mr. Roosevelt has hitherto publicly denied that Storer was ever authorized to represent him in this manner, and the Ireland letters now published by Mrs. Storer have the effect of making much sharper the issue of veracity between the Storers and the ex-president.

Mrs. Storer's letter to The Republican also seeks to prove, on the testimony of Ireland, that President Roosevelt promised to make Storer United States ambassador either at Paris or London; and there is included still another letter alleged to have been written by Roosevelt to Storer, just after the presidential election in 1896, in which Roosevelt asked Storer to see President-elect McKinley and urge him to appoint Roosevelt assistant secretary of the navy.

This last letter seems to confute a recent assertion in The Outlook that Roosevelt never sought a public office, except when he sought a presidential nomination in 1904.

WILL NOT BE QUOTED

Ireland Refuses to Discuss the Storer-Roosevelt Controversy

Omaha, Sept. 23.—Archbishop Ireland is anything but pleased at the development in the Storer-Roosevelt controversy and refuses to affirm or deny the authenticity of the letters purporting to have been written to and from him. "I won't talk about the matter," said he.

"Shall you be quoted as having nothing to say on the subject?" was asked him.

"You cannot quote me in this matter at all," answered the archbishop. "I won't say anything one way or the other."

Archbishop Ireland is accompanied by Cardinal Vannutelli and will remain in this city several days.

BRIDEGROOM 84, BRIDE 80

Culmination of Romance Extending Over Period of Sixty Years

Cortland, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Henry C. St. Johns of Leonardsville, 84 years, and Miss Myra W. Cushing of Little York, 80 years old, were married Tuesday.

The wedding is the result of a romance that began sixty years ago. The two were engaged and a day was set for their marriage. Something happened to prevent the ceremony and the bride-to-be could not be prevailed upon to name another day. She remained in single blessedness and her lover waited for her until he was 55 years old, when he married another.

A year ago his wife died and the early courtship was reopened and proved successful this time.

MEMBERSHIP OF 1,925,421

Independent Order of Odd Fellows Shows Great Growth

Atlanta, Sept. 20.—The eighty-sixth annual meeting of the sovereign grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was called to order in the hall of representatives at the state capitol.

W. L. Kuykendal, grand sire and commander-in-chief of the sovereign grand lodge, in his annual report, said that at the end of December last the total membership, including subordinate lodge members and Sisters of the Rebekah lodges, was 1,952,421.

USE AND CARE OF AUTOS

Will Be Taught in Gloucester High School Free of Charge

Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 21.—The offer of John H. Hammond to establish a course for automobile instruction in connection with the studies at the high school, for the benefit of those pupils interested in mechanics, was accepted at a special meeting of the Gloucester school board last night.

Mr. Hammond will at once place in commission a high-powered automobile and an expert machinist and chauffeur for instruction in the use, caring and repair work on automobiles in the school.

The Gloucester high school will be the first institution of its kind in the country to teach the use and care of the auto to young men free of charge.

ARRESTS ARE MADE IN THREE CITIES

Alleged Counterfeiters Rounded Up by Secret Service

Boston, Sept. 23.—What the federal authorities believe was a widespread attempt to flood the eastern section of the country with counterfeit greenbacks made in New Bedford came to light in the arrests of seven alleged counterfeiters in New Bedford, Manchester, N. H., and Passaic, N. J. The men are charged with making and passing $2 bills.

All seven men were arraigned before the United States commissioners in the three districts and each was held in $2500.

For some time Secret Service Agent Ahern of Boston has been directing a hunt for the men responsible for the counterfeit notes which were seen in large numbers in Passaic, New Bedford, Fall River and Manchester. The counterfeit was what is called a "split bill," too dark to be called a good imitation.

LARCENY OF $314,403

Charge Upon Which a Prominent Lynn Man Is Arrested

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 20.—James T. Lennox, junior member of the bankrupt firm of Patrick Lennox & Co., was arrested last night by Deputy Sheriff Wells, charged with the larceny of $314,403.91 from John W. Farrell, Charles Weil and Sumner S. Weil of Boston. He was released on $50,000 bail, which was furnished by his wife and Fred E. Baker, a real estate man.

The indictment charging Lennox with larceny was returned by the grand jury at Lawrence yesterday. Twenty-five counts are numbered in it.

The indictment and arrest of Lennox is an outgrowth of the bankruptcy of the Lennox firm, which went to the wall during the panic of 1907.

In the indictment it was specifically charged that Lennox has hidden assets of the company amounting to the figure named, and a bench warrant was issued for his arrest by Judge Schofield.

PLUNDERED SAVINGS BANK

Teller Who Got Away With $1200 Is Sent to State Prison

Boston, Sept. 23.—Judge De Courcy, in the superior criminal court, sentenced John H. Cullen, a teller at the Union Institution for Savings, to state prison.

Cullen had pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzling $1200 of the bank's funds and the courtroom was crowded with his friends, who joined with the attorneys in urging clemency for the defendant. It was pointed out to the court that he had been a man of generally good habits and one who had a family.

After De Courcy had been asked to take these facts into consideration he replied that robbing a savings bank was so serious an offense that it demanded a state prison sentence. He said, however, that he was willing to give good reports some weight. The court then imposed sentence of from four to eight years' imprisonment.

CURED ITCHING PAINFUL HUMOR

Which had Spread Over Face, Body and Arms—Swellings were as Large as a Dollar—When they Broke, Sores would Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years.

MADE SOUND AND WELL BY 3 SETS OF CUTICURA

"My trouble began about three years ago with little black swellings scattered over my face and neck. They would disappear but they would leave little black scars that would itch at times so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear in the same place and they were so painful I could hardly bear it and my clothes would stick to the sores. The first doctor I went to said the disease was scrofula, but the trouble only got worse and spread. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in big swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back at night. The second doctor pronounced my disease inflammation of the lymphatic glands. He stopped the swellings, but when they would break the places would not heal. He tried everything that he could but to no effect. He said I might be cured but it would take a long time. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and used them according to directions and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued with the Cuticura Remedies until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years from the time it commenced until I was cured. Before Christmas something broke out on my seven year old brother's hands in the form of large sores. I tried everything I could think of but to no effect until I happened to think of Cuticura and one application cured him. Also, not long ago, my sister got a bad burn on her ankle. I have been using Cuticura on that and it gave her scarcely any trouble. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment and mild doses of Cuticura Pills, afford immediate relief and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp and blood of infants, children and adults, when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), to be the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of (60), to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

You Need Safe Deposit Protection

For your valuables, because they are not absolutely secure without it.

The Fire and Burglar-Proof Vault of the Newport Trust Company is the best place for valuables.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent,

$5.00 and up per year.

Storage Vault for Silverware, Trunks, etc.

The Newport Trust Company,

303 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.

Capital $300,000.00

Surplus and Und. Profits $119,632

Grand Fall Opening in Millinery

AT

SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET

Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28th and 29th

IMMENSE DISPLAY of Newest Novelties in the line

Call and see our artistic display of TRIMMED HATS

POPULAR PRICES THE RULE

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

LENOX CHOCOLATES.

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

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Dispensing Optician.

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Children's Eyes a Specialty.

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ROYAL ACCOUNTS.

Methods of the King of England In Transacting Business.

No advertisement is more valuable to a British tradesman than the royal warrant, which allows him to place the royal arms over his place of business and describe himself as "purveyor by appointment to his majesty the king."

Each tradesman who has the royal custom must send in his bill at the end of the month. It is compared with his ledger account kept at Marlborough House and if correct is paid in the first week of the month. No discount is asked on any of the royal accounts. A tradesman who receives the royal custom is informed that he must supply goods at the lowest reasonable prices, and there is never any attempt at bargaining by the official of the royal household. If a tradesman is thought to be making extortionate charges he simply loses the royal custom.

Coal is supplied to Marlborough House by contract, the contracts being made for three years and the contractors paid in equal half yearly payments. Window cleaning, carpet cleaning and chimney sweeping are all done by contract, and the glass frames of large pictures are also kept clean by contract.

Servants' wages are paid monthly, the upper servants being paid by check sent to each from the treasurer's department. The king's accounts for clothes, cigars, theaters, newspapers, books and other personal articles are sent to his secretary, not the treasurer, and are also paid monthly.—Toronto Times.

CORE OF THE EARTH.

One of the Enigmas of Nature That Science Cannot Solve.

Human beings know only a mere skin of the surface of the earth, not more than thirty miles deep, while the globe is 8,000 miles in diameter. There is probably no oxygen at all below thirty miles, and it is difficult to guess what are the elements within. Probably the heaviest elements form a dense core near the center.

It is in some respects astonishing, most alarming, that we are so completely devoid of any direct knowledge of the constituents of the vast mass of globe beneath us and really only know the merest film. A skin or membrane one-twentieth of an inch in thickness (the thickness of kid or brown paper) spread over a ball a little more than a foot in diameter represents the proportion between the the known crust of the earth thirty miles thick and the great globe itself.

We are dependent on inference and speculation for our notions as to the constitution of all that is beneath the mere skin of thirty miles thickness on the globe's surface! Even what is thrown up by the biggest volcanoes does not come from below this depth or tell us what lies hidden there.—Exchange.

Helter Skelter.

"Helter skelter" has been suggestively defined as a jingling expression vaguely imitating the hurried clatter of feet rapidly and irregularly moved. Most dictionaries, however, led astray probably by the ordinary orthography, have missed the true etymology of this phrase. It should be "helter kelter." "Helter" is an old word for "hang," probably connected with halter, and "kelter" is used by old writers in the sense of "order" or the proper state. Thus Barrow, the divine, says, "If the organs of prayer be out of kelter how can we pray?" "Helter skelter," therefore, is literally "hang order" and means, "Oh, hang order; let us do it, or let it take its chance." Ben Jonson in "Every Man in His Humor" writes, "Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat," and Shakespeare, using it to express rush and hurry, says, "Helter skelter have I rode to thee."

Horseradish as a Vegetable.

In Germany horseradish is frequently made into an excellent cooked vegetable which goes particularly well with boiled mutton or chicken fricassee. It is made as follows: Grate as usual and stew till tender in butter; mix well with grated Parker House rolls, one cupful of the latter to three of the horseradish, and boil up once more, adding a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Served with very firmly jellied currant jelly, scooped out with a teaspoon and laid in solid little ovals like a wreath round the white mound of horseradish, this delectable dish looks almost as good as it tastes.—Suburbanite.

The Attraction.

Tourist—I must confess that I can't see why so many people want to come here—no scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat, absolutely no attractions. Innkeeper—Ah, signor, zey come because we 'ave ze gr-ran' label to stick on ze luggage.—Mexican Herald.

Civilization.

The upward sweep of civilization is not unlike the rising of the incoming tide. It advances and recedes, but each advance carries humanity to a higher altitude than it had reached before.—B. O. Flower.

Another Meaning.

A traveler to the north on the Great Northern railway, having delivered his luggage to the care of an alert railway porter, proceeded to make himself comfortable in the corner of a first class smoking compartment. The porter, having performed his duty, came to the carriage to report, not without expectation of acceptable reward.

"Well," said the passenger, "I see by the letters 'G. N. R.' on your cap, 'Gratuities never received.'"

"Not quite that, sir," replied the porter, touching his cap peak. "It might mean 'gratuities never refused.'" And the way that porter smiled when he left the carriage betokened his satisfaction at the material result of his smart answer and the service he had rendered.—London Mail.

AN ORIENTAL GARDEN.

It Is Not Planted With Flowers, and It Has No Lawns.

A garden does not necessarily mean a collection of flowers arranged more or less symmetrically, with spaces of lawn, shelter of trees and paths hither and thither. There have been gardens that, beyond a terra cotta jar or two holding a rosebush or a flowering almond, have had no green thing within their gates.

I know of an oriental garden in Fez where white garmented Moors come in the cool of the evening to sit and listen to ancient stories that they know by heart, or to music that was old when the pyramids were new, or perhaps to look at a dancing girl or two taking soft steps while they smoke their nargiles, yet that garden is nothing more than a series of arches upholding walls beyond walls, toned a faint, mysterious yellow that is not yellow, but white, and yet not white, but rose. In the middle is a pool of water in a stone basin that looks blue because of the intense sky overhead and that shimmers with gold in reflections from the walls. In the corner stands a mighty jar full of strange scarlet blossoms, and rugs of deep color and intricate pattern lie on the sun warmed flags. There is always the fairy music of dropping water, and wonderful shadows move among the arches.

This place is a garden for all that it is so builded of man. The word court will not do for it.—Century Magazine.

FIGHTING FATIGUE.

Jacking Up the Tired System Without Using Stimulants.

If efforts to keep at work are continued in spite of fatigue the quality of the work is poor and the exhaustion inordinate. Students constantly make this error and do all sorts of things to keep awake to burn the midnight oil when if they would go to bed and rest they could accomplish far more in half the time in the morning with little or no fatigue.

Yet there are times when sleepiness and fatigue must be overcome without resort to stimulants which injure the judgment. The tired physician with a critical case, for instance, must have his wits about him, and it will aid him vastly to go to an open window every fifteen or thirty minutes to take a dozen or two deep inspirations of cold air. His exhaustion in the end will be great, but he can make it up later.

As a matter of fact, surgeons and others whose work requires the keenest perceptions instinctively choose the early morning for their best efforts, reserving the afternoon for "low pressure" tasks or recreation. That is, it is far better to so live that we do not need the stimulus of these extraordinary methods of respiration.—American Medicine.

A Dime Better Than Two Nickels.

A professional panhandler approached a man crossing City Hall park and demanded a nickel, which the man good naturedly handed out, saying, "I suppose that goes for a glass of beer."

"Surest thing you know," replied the panhandler unblushingly. "And, by the way, while we are on the subject, I have now in my possession two nickels. Would you mind giving me a ten cent piece for them?"

"I will on one condition," said the man, whose curiosity was aroused. "What's the answer?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained the panhandler. "If I have a dime I go into a saloon and ask for beer. I have a nickel comeback, which enables me to amble over to the free lunch counter and fill up. Maybe you don't realize that getting change over the bar gives a man a certain tone that doesn't belong to him if he just coughs up a nickel."—New York Sun.

Rice in the Orient.

Rice is "wet," that grown for the most part in flooded land, or "dry," that raised on uplands. Its growth in those regions where civilization has penetrated least is pathetic. Parts of the east are still covered with virgin forest of tall trees. Underneath all is dark in heavy shade. Creepers twine up hundreds of feet and are all topped off with indescribable orchids, all hunting for air and sunshine. In the thick wood a suitable spot is chosen, for rice they must have or starve. Undergrowth is cut out and staked and hedged around to make a fence for the little rice farm.—Exchange.

Foxglove.

In some places in England the foxglove is regarded with awe as a "witches' flower," the peasants saying that the witches use the bells of the blossoms as thimbles. In most parts, however, the "wee sma' folk that bode no ill" are the beings that "sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells," and in Ireland the plant is called the fairy cap.

The Witch Finders.

Three hundred years ago the business of finding out witches was well established and accepted in courts of law as highly proper. In 1649 it is recorded that the magistrates of Newcastle, England, sent to Scotland for an expert witch finder. This gifted person proceeded to show his skill by discovering fifteen witches and securing their conviction. One Matthew Hopkins was a celebrated witch finder of that period. It was easy to discover witches when you knew how. The suspected person could be forced to weep and then detected by the well known fact that a witch could shed only three tears and those from the left eye, or she could be pricked with pins to discover the spot insensible to pain, which was a sure sign of dealings with the devil. That women were far more likely to dabble in witchcraft than men was conceded. The reason was satisfactorily explained by a famous German text book on witches published in the fifteenth century. It was simply that women were inherently wicked, whereas men naturally inclined to goodness.

LARGEST GAME FISH.

The Tuna Sometimes Attains a Weight of 2,000 Pounds.

Charles Frederick Holder, the California naturalist, thus describes that remarkable fish, the tuna: "The tuna is a pelagic fish, a free lance, an ocean rover, a sort of swaggering musketeer of the sea, the largest of what may be termed the game or bony fishes, attaining a maximum weight of nearly 2,000 pounds and an approximate length of fourteen feet or more. Such a fish is very exceptional, though specimens weighing 1500 pounds have been taken on the New England coast. I once entered a school of such tunas in the Santa Catalina channel in a big launch. The school divided to port and starboard as we passed through it, and I had a view of one or two fishes that appeared to be more than half as long as the boat.

"These fishes spend the winter in warm latitudes and migrate north as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence. They are found in the Mediterranean and north to the Lofoden Island, yet so far the efforts of anglers, except at Santa Catalina, have failed to take them with the rod. Even here there is a stretch of but eight miles or so where they can be satisfactorily played and taken with rod and reel.

"This region lies on the north side of Santa Catalina, from Avalon to Long point, and to the east as many more, facing the north, and generally smooth—more like a Scottish loch than a fishing ground twenty miles out at sea."—Chicago News.

THE FRENCH DUEL.

Tricks That Are Invoked to Make the Meeting Bloodless.

A French paper has been describing the various contrivances to insure pistol duels ending in "coffee for two." A favorite trick, it seems, is to use projectiles that look like ordinary lead bullets, but crumble to pieces when fired. In more serious cases bullets are used of smaller caliber than the pistol, thus lessening their penetrating power.

Sometimes the wad is intentionally left out, so that when the duelists face each other with the pistols held downward the bullets roll out. In many cases bullets of the right caliber are used, but only with a third of the proper powder charge, so that they are practically harmless. A variation of this trick is to load with a double powder charge, which also causes the bullets to go wide of the mark. This, however, is dangerous to the spectators.

Again, well meaning seconds sometimes use the right bullets and the right charge, but stiffen the triggers so that the extra pressure causes the bullets to go wide. Perhaps the most amusing device is the use of pistols fitted with a sort of secret safety valve, which opens when the weapon is loaded, so that the bullet drops out and only the powder charge remains.—Exchange.

A Drop In Rhetoric.

"I remember," said an official of the East Indian service, "the speech of an Anglo-Indian who was delegated by a certain district to place before the government's notice the horrible slaughter of their stock by tigers. A very noticeable titter could be heard in the audience when the delegate shouted very dramatically:

"'Mr. Chairman, the tiger is the most ferocious animal that prowls and runs at large in India. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the arms of Morpheus, and ere the portals of the east are unbound or bright Phoebus rises in his golden majesty whole litters of pigs are destroyed.'"

The Cat and the Tail.

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food and saw a tail protruding from a hole.

"There is the conclusion of a rat," she said.

Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas, it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite.

Moral.—It is dangerous to jump at conclusions.

Hotel Insurance Against Robbery.

At a well known hostelry in Venice it is the practice to charge guests 25 centimes per diem for insurance against fire and robbery, the amount covered for this premium being 1,500 francs. This is a very convenient arrangement, as robbery is far from uncommon in Italy.—London Truth.

A Pugilistic Feat.

"Clancy, who give yez th' black eye yez have?"

"If I knew I'd lick 'im.'

"Sure, an' don't yez know?

"How c'd I know? Me back was turned at th' tolme."—Toledo Blade.

What He Got.

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yep," replied the chore boy, "nine quarts and one kick!"—Exchange.

Her Specialty.

Miss Crimsonbeak—I'd like to be a lawyer. Mr. Crimsonbeak—I guess you'd rather be a judge. "Why so?" "Oh, you'd have the last word then."—Yonkers Statesman.

Musical Note.

First Young Thing (during the sonata—I just love Brahms, don't you? Second Young Thing—What are Brahms?—Musical Courier.

Necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention.—Sir Walter Scott.

ARSENIC POISONING.

The Torture That Ensues Before Death Brings Relief.

When a single dose of arsenic in sufficient quantity to be felt has been taken colicky pains, bowel disorder and perhaps nausea result. In the course of an hour after a poisonous dose has been taken an intense burning pain is felt in the esophagus and stomach. This spreads to the entire anterior portion of the lower part of the trunk. A sense of constriction at the throat and an acrid, metallic taste accompany the pain. Then vomiting and relaxation of the bowels begin. As the case progresses the symptoms increase in intensity. Then comes a thirst that water will not allay, although it apparently increases the stomach disturbance. The victim groans and writhes.

Now he implores the doctor to save him. Then he begs to be killed and put out of pain. The extremities become icy. The pulse is small, feeble and frequent, and the breathing is labored, embarrassed and painful because of abdominal tenderness. The surface of the body becomes dark and of that bluish color that medical men call cyanosed. Violent cramps add their torture, exhaustion becomes collapse, convulsions or coma ensues, and death ends the agony. The torture lasts sometimes from five to twenty hours.

In some cases these symptoms occur, but in a modified form, and the doctor will apparently get the better of the disease. The remission will be but for a day or two. Then the abdomen will swell, and icy coldness will pervade the frame. Shivering will become pronounced trembling, then cramps, convulsions and death.

AMERICAN MANHOOD.

An English View of the Common People In This Country.

In all I spent four months traveling and lecturing in the eastern cities of the United States and met many men of varied classes. In my wildest dreams of the race I had never foreseen such wealth, such freedom, such equality. America is the land of the common people, as England is the land of the classes. If I were a young workingman I would go to the States as soon as I could earn a passage, because once on her soil I should cease to be a laborer and become a man, which is a very different thing.

Better than the boundless wealth of America, better than any material benefit she can bestow, is this sense of manhood and equality that is as all pervading as the air. Worse than the earthen floor of our peasant's hovel, still found in England's southern counties, and the starvation wages on which he lives is the slavish spirit that drags the cap from his head before the squire or crowds him into the ditch as the carriage passes by. He is not a man, only a laborer, one step above the serf.—Joseph Burtt of London in Leslie's.

Trapping Muskrats.

Numbers of mechanical traps to catch muskrats have been invented and tried, but none gives more satisfaction than the old floating barrel trap that has been in use for many years. Both ends are left closed, and a hole about eight by twelve inches square is sawed in the side. A strong cleat is nailed across each end, the cleats projecting six or eight inches beyond the barrel, and upon the cleats are nailed two boards, one on each side of the barrel and several inches longer. Water then is placed in the barrel so that it will float with the board platforms about on a level with the surface of the pond or stream. About one-third of the barrel remains above water. Apples, carrots and other delicacies that the muskrat likes are placed in the barrel. In their attempts to get the bait the animals fall into the barrel and are unable to get out.—Exchange.

Proving His Authority.

There was an Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a handcar on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han'car-r-r on the thrack?" he asked.

"We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully.

"Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!"

The laborers did so with some difficulty.

"Now," said the foreman, "put it on ag'in!"

Great Scheme.

"What do you do," asked the one who had been married only a few months, "when your husband comes home late at night?"

"I pretend not to notice that it's late, and pretty soon he asks me if I wouldn't like to go to the theater or somewhere tomorrow afternoon."

Startling Encouragement.

"Was Amelia's father encouraging when you went to him to ask him for her hand?"

"Not very. He asked me to put the proposal in writing, so I couldn't back out, as all the others did."

A Rival.

"Why do you always say, 'As scarce as hen's teeth?'"

"Because they are about the scarcest things in the world."

"More scarce than men who enjoy hearing about the cleverness of other people's babies?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Women's Lefts.

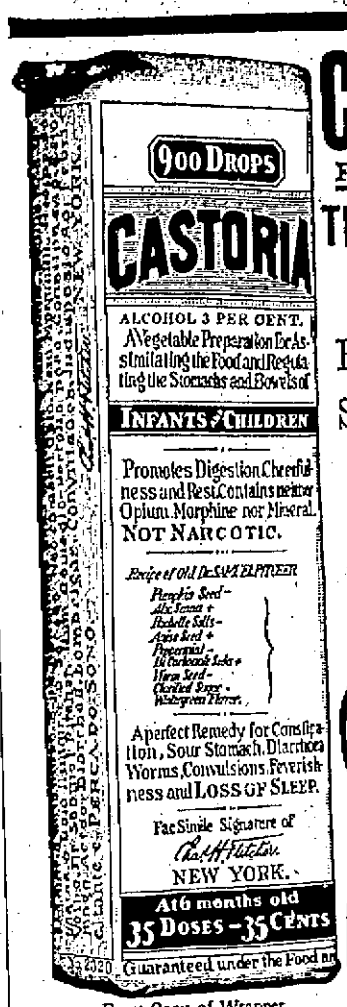
Miss Bikley—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?

Miss Passee—Yes; I now go in for women's lefts.

"Women's lefts? What's that?"

"Widowers."

Our affections are our life. We live by these. They supply our warmth.—Channing.



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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

O. Henry Was a Shade Smarter Than the Magazine Man.

A friend of the late O. Henry writes of him: "He was reckless in spending money and frequently gave elevator boys and bellboys five and ten dollar notes. But he wasn't 'easy' despite his financial regardlessness.

"His friends recently narrated an incident showing the man's shrewdness. A magazine noted for 'slow pay,' they said, contracted with him for a three part story for which he was to receive $1,500. He got $500 advance before starting to work and when he turned in the second installment (none of it had been printed yet) got $500 more and asked for the third $500 as an advance before finishing the tale.

"The editor in an effort to save money apparently declared that, after all, the story didn't appear to be worth more than $1,000—this when he had the two installments in his office.

"'All right,' said O. Henry; 'I won't write the third one then.' And he didn't. He laughed at the editor.

"'Well, then,' said the latter, 'I'll run the two parts and then let our readers have a guessing contest as to how the story ends—and put up, perhaps, a $500 prize to the winner.'

"For a moment the author thought he was outwitted. Then he said: 'Go ahead, and I'll win the prize.' He intended to win it too!"—Boston Herald.

A WEIGHTY REASON.

It Told Why One of the Nineteen Commissions Was Executed.

Before a certain gentleman set out for Japan and India his relatives gave him errands. One wanted an Indian shawl, another a silver Buddha, a third a chryselephantine carving, and so on, till the list of commissions was appalling. He agreed, however, to fill them so far as possible.

But when he returned he had executed but one of the nineteen commissions that had been given him. He had brought back only the chryselephantine carving. This he gave to one smiling cousin amid the disappointed looks of the other relatives. Why, the disappointed ones asked, had he executed that one particular commission and disregarded the rest?

The traveler smiled. "It happened," he began quietly, "that each of you had written your commission on a sheet of paper. On the second day of the voyage out I took all these sheets of paper from my notebook, opened them and spread them on my lap as I reclined in my steamer chair.

"The air was very still at the time, but suddenly a brisk wind sprang up, and every sheet was blown away except that of Cousin Max. Max's sheet was weighted down with the gold coin he had given me to pay for his carving."—St. James' Gazette.

Missed the Squeak.

Some persons like one sort of shoe and some another, but the kind which was desired by Pierre, the French Canadian mill hand, has never enjoyed a wide popularity.

"Shoes for Sunday," Pierre stated to the young man who advanced to meet him as he entered the salesroom of the big shoe factory.

He then sat heavily down on one of the red plush seats and allowed the salesman to insert his feet in a pair of bright yellow shoes. When they were fairly on, Pierre stood, moved his feet this way and that, took a few steps and, shaking his head, sat down again.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Do they hurt you? Are they too tight?"

Pierre shook his head violently.

"She no tight," he said, "but also she no talk. Shoes for Sunday must talk, talk, all the way up in church for to soun' stylish, see?"—Youth's Companion.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Oil of the Porpoise.

The porpoises killed in winter are the fattest and produce most oil. The largest size measure about seven feet in length, five feet in girth and weigh about 300 pounds. Such a porpoise yields from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber of a big porpoise weighs about 100 pounds and is one and a half inches thick in summer and two in winter. The jaws of the porpoise yield a superior quality of oil. When hung up in the sun it readily drips away into cans provided for the purpose, the quantity of oil thus procured, however, being not more than half a pint to the jaw. The oil from the blubber gives an excellent light and is in demand along the coast for lighthouse use. It has no offensive odor.

Busy All the Time.

Little Howard came in the other day, crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a series of "butts" administered by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his sympathetic aunt, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."—Delineator.

The Trouble.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdy?"

"None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Winning Play.

Old Friend—Your plan is a most excellent one. But do you think your wife will agree to it? Married Man—Oh, yes. I'll tell her some one else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiot's idea.

Women in a Sailboat.

There is just one place on a sailboat for women. That is the cockpit. Remember that and keep them there, even if it takes a somewhat pointed request. The average woman on a boat is not happy unless she is taking risks by sitting out on deck or on top of the cabin or going forward of the mast. Warn her and she laughs at you. She does not know that she is endangering herself. Less than a year ago I saw two women knocked overboard in a heavy sea because they insisted on sitting on top of the cabin despite the protests of the man who was sailing the boat. He himself was a greenhorn and let his boat jibe, the boom clearing the top of the cabin before any one could say Jack Robinson.—Outing.

Had a Better Story.

"Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?"

"I did," answered the cheerful liar, "and I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I happen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."

Fear of Revenge.

"Why are you crying, my little man?"

"Cos I don't want to go to school."

"But why not?"

"Cos sister jilted the schoolmaster last night!"—London Opinion.

Advertising.

Adversity has been the means of making many men famous, but advertising is still in the lead.—Pittsburg Press.

The jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—Schiller.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience
MIDY
Sold by all druggists.

Different From a Mountain.

A certain Philadelphian who is at once a minister of the gospel and a registered physician had an amusing experience in his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist. Every time they met this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders that could be performed through faith.

"You are convinced that through faith you can do anything," said the medical man one day.

"Yes," he replied; "faith will move mountains."

A week later he was in the doctor's office with a swollen jaw, due to toothache.

"What, you here?" the doctor exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"Oh, doctor," he said, "I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer!"

"Have you tried faith?" the physician asked him. "You know you told me faith could move mountains."

"But this is a cavity, doctor."

Pleasing the Sultan.

Kaid Belton told the following story, which illustrates exactly the attitude of the sultan of Morocco toward the French:

One day the sultan asked a lady, the wife of his dentist, to play one of the pianos that were in the room of the palace. She played several pieces, one of them at length catching the sultan's fancy, whereupon the following little dialogue took place:

Sultan — That piece is very nice. What is it called?

Dentist—It is the "March on Cadiz." It was written to commemorate the Spaniards driving the French out of Spain.

Sultan—What! Were the French in Spain?

Dentist—Yes.

Sultan—How many of them?

Dentist—About 200,000.

Sultan (in a surprised tone)—And the Spaniards drove them out?

Dentist—Yes, every one of them.

There was a slight pause while the sultan was thinking hard, and then:

Sultan (quietly)—Play it again.

His Interference.

The twists and turns taken by faking horse dealers to get out of their bad bargains are proverbial. A little incident illustrative of the tribe took place recently at a stable on North Broad street, where an irresponsible settler had succeeded in palming off a defective horse on a too easy buyer. The new owner turned up with the horse a few days after the purchase and angrily exclaimed, "Didn't you say this horse was perfectly safe and wouldn't trouble anybody?" The dealer coolly asked, "What's the matter with the horse?" The dupe replied: "You know well enough. He interferes badly." With a curt "Well, he doesn't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?" the fake dealer brushed the matter aside, and the purchaser found himself without a remedy.—Philadelphia Record.

A Great Military Feat.

Nonza, in Corsica, is very proud of the story of a great military feat performed there long ago. It is told in "Romantic Corsica," by George Renwick.

The French in 1768 had subjugated all the northern cape with the exception of the tower of Nonza, which for a considerable time sustained a close siege. Attacking parties were driven back by a fierce fire, but at last the garrison agreed to surrender if allowed to march out with all the honors of war. This was conceded, and old Captain Cascella appeared, staggering under a load of muskets and pistols.

"Why is the garrison so long in coming out?" asked the French commander.

"It is here, sir," replied Cascella. "I am the garrison."

Glass Solvent.

Hydrofluoric acid is an acid compound of hydrogen and fluorine. It may be prepared by the action of sulphuric acid upon cryolite in an appropriate apparatus made of lead or platinum. It may thus be readily obtained in a liquid form and is colorless. Its vapors are exceedingly poisonous, and the liquid itself, even when mixed with more or less water, causes severe swellings on the skin. Great care must therefore be taken in working with this acid. Hydrofluoric acid dissolves glass, forming hydrofluosilicic acid with its silica; hence its use for making etchings on glass.—Exchange.

They Come Later.

The Young Wife (showing her furniture)—Here's the rocking chair for the parlor. Isn't it just lovely? Mrs. Oldley (rather critically)—But I don't see any rockers, dear. The Young Wife—Oh, they'll be here next month. You see, we are buying the chair on the installment plan, and we have paid for the rockers yet.—Chicago News.

Well Settled.

Riggs—Did your wife's father settle anything on you when you married his daughter? Briggs—You bet he did. He settled himself on us, and we can't get rid of him.—Boston Transcript.

Fashion's Whirl.

"How long do we stay at Jupiter Junction, John?"

"Twenty minutes, my dear. You won't need over two gowns."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around you.

Biting Words.

The argument was fast coming to blows.

"Let me tell yesomething, Murphy," said Mulligan; "ye're nowthin' but a big clam!"

"Thrue for ye, Mulligan," warmly retorted Murphy; "an I'm a much bigger clam thin ye can chew, do ye mind now?"

Italian Prison Horrors.

If Porter Charlton is not insane he probably will be within one year from the time he is sent back from Italy, if, indeed, he is turned over to this government, the Baltimore American says. That is the firm belief of everyone who knows anything regarding Italian prisons and punishment.

Every prisoner convicted in Italy must begin his sentence with a term of solitary confinement, lengthened according the total sentence imposed. There is no capital punishment.

The solitary confinement portion of Charlton's sentence would be served in a stone cell, under the level of the street, where no light may ever penetrate. The cell is 6 feet long, 6 feet high and 3 feet wide. Usually it is infested with rats and vermin. Along the side of the cell is an 18-inch board six feet long. This must serve as a bed and chair.

At the top of door of the cell is a narrow hole, through which, however, no light can come. Through this hole food is passed twice a day. During the solitary confinement period this food consists of nothing but soup, bread and water.

A pitcher of water is allowed in the room. There is no other furniture. As there is not enough light to read, the prisoner must simply sit, with his thoughts, day after day. He has no reckoning of time. He does not know night from day. He may think—that is all.

One hour each day he will be allowed to walk in the narrow courtyard of the prison, not with the other prisoners, but in a narrow walled space reserved for his use. He will not even see his guards at this time, though they will watch him. He will never hear the sound of a human voice. He will receive no letters nor write any.

Bresci, the Paterson (N. J.) anarchist who killed King Humbert, could stand only three months of this solitary imprisonment. Then he strangled himself with his bed quilt. Two other men who attempted the king's life are still alive but both are hopeless imbeciles, driven mad by the early solitary confinement.

A great agitation is sweeping over Italy now for a modification of this form of confinement, but it has had little weight with the government, which abolished capital punishment at the demand of the people and substituted this form of punishment.

Triumph was his at Last.

He looked ahead with hope when he got $20 a week.

"Some day," he thought, "I will draw $25. Then I will have $1 a week more to spend for my own pleasure. My wife will have another with which to do as she pleases, and we will save three. That will be $156 a year, not counting the interest."

When he got $25 a week he thought: "I will make myself so useful here that they will pay me twice as much some time as they are paying me now. We will then save $15 a week, and I will always have at least $5 in my pocket." When he succeeded in inducing them to pay him $50 a week he often thought:

"O, if I could have an income of $5,000 a year! Then it would be possible for me to save at least $3 a week for myself, and we could save perhaps a thousand annually."

When the hair on his temples was white he had become so valuable to his employers that they paid him $5,000 a year, and he often said to himself:

"If I had $10,000 a year I believe we could manage to save a little now and then, and perhaps I could sometimes smuggle a dollar or two out to spend for my own pleasure."

But, alas, poor man! He never reached that happy state. He managed, however, to leave enough in the way of insurance to enable his wife to live in the style to which she had become accustomed. Which was no small triumph for a man on a salary and a wife whose ambition was to keep a little ahead of her neighbors.

Willing to Call it Off.

"We're all superstitious," says Lew Dockstader. "Ever hear the story of the two negroes who got into an argument? One says to the other: 'I'll bet yo' a dollah that I got the nerve to sit on a tombstone in de graveyard while the clock strikes midnight.' The bet was made, but the other man had to go along to see whether or not the conditions were carried out. On the way to the cemetery the second man fell and broke his wooden leg. But he was so anxious to win that dollar that he took the leg off and hobbled along to the cemetery, one hand on the other negroe's shoulder. They seated themselves on a prostrate tombstone. 'Do I win that dollah, or do I not?' asked the man who made the proposition, triumphantly. Just then the clock in the church steeple began to strike. From behind a bush near by a sheeted figure advanced upon the negroes. 'Whahfore are you all disturbin' mah rest?' it asked. The negro that bet he wasn't afraid started for home on the keen jump. The only way out was through a narrow lane, bounded on either side by tall hedges. About half way down the lane the running negro heard a pat-pat-pat just behind him. He could feel the hot breath of his pursuer on the back of his neck. A hand reached out and touched him on the coat, and he just doubled his speed. 'Oh, mah goodness, niggah!' said the voice of the one-legged man, 'git outen mah road and yo' can keep yo' ole dollah!'"

Better Than a Drug.

"The late Senator Platt," said an Albany legislator, "had a cynical wit. Talking about a politician who had changed his party, he once said to me:

"'Circumstances alter everything—political views, religion even health.

"'Why, I've got a friend who is afflicted with insomnia in its worst form, and yet every morning that man sleeps as sweet and sound as a new-born babe when his wife crawls over him to start the fire.'"

Faults in American Character.

In an address on botanical education in America, Prof. W. F. Ganong remarks that "disregard of particulars and a tendency to easy generalities are fundamental faults in American character," and he insists upon the necessity of laboratory and experimental work in all scientific study. Books "ease the wits," but independent observation is the source of sound knowledge in science.

"Do I write for posterity?" repeated Hackett. "I do sir. Ten of 'em."—Puck.

Wise Little Willie.

"It is my duty to teach you a severe lesson," said Horatio Poppenham, when Willie Poppenham got home, after playing hookey all afternoon. "Now, I want you to understand the situation. Don't imagine that I am punishing you because it will give any satisfaction to me personally. And I want you to realize thoroughly that I am not doing this in anger. I do it simply as a duty. It is often necessary for judges in the courts to sentence men to undergo punishment, and the sheriffs and jailers and wardens have to inflict this punishment.

"Do you suppose the judge gets any personal satisfaction out of it when he sentences a man to be hanged or to undergo imprisonment? Not at all. Very often the judge's heart is almost broken because it is his duty to impose such sentences. And so it is with the men who have to inflict the punishment. They do not administer it in anger. I suppose they would in most case prefer to let the offender go free, if they could, just as I would much prefer to let you off now, if I had only my own feelings to consult.

"But there are duties which officers of the law owe to society, and so they are compelled, when a man does wrong, to see that he is properly punished. If people could do wrong without being compelled to suffer for it many of them would be doing wrong all the time, thus not only injuring others, but also injuring themselves. It is the same in your case. If I permitted you to go unpunished I should be doing you a wrong, and I should also be wronging the rest of the family. If you were allowed to do such things as you have done, and suffer no chastisement, you would soon go from bad to worse, breaking your mother's heart, robbing me of happiness and spoiling your own chances for the future.

"You see, the family represents society, on a small scale, and the family, like society, must have its sacred laws. When these laws are broken—the laws of the family—it is just as important that the one who breaks them shall be punished as it is important that the criminal who breaks the laws which society has made for itself shall be punished. In a small way you represent the prisoner who has been found guilty by the jury, while I, occupying the position of judge, am compelled to pronounce sentence upon you, and—"

"Say, father, in court the prisoner is always asked if he has anything to say before the judge sentences him, isn't he?"

"Yes. And I am going to extend that privilege to you. What have you to say?"

"Please let mother be the sheriff."

"Science" Becoming a Nuisance.

Steadily medical science is closing all avenues of safety. Time was when man might do pretty much as he pleased and live. Now whatever he may do is deadly. The Chicago health department has just issued a warning against country springs; in the pellucid water of these springs death lurks in all of its hideous forms. Also to quaff a cooling from the "Old Oaken Bucket" is dangerous. What to drink was long a matter of price rather than choice. But now it is a matter of neither choice nor price. The millionaire as well as the pauper confronts death whenever he drinks or eats. It is unkind of "science" to point out so many dangers and not to indicate any paths of safety that the ordinary person will be content to travel. Perhaps the most comfortable thing, if not the safest, to do, is to take a chance now and then and refused to be alarmed. Trusting these few lines, etc.

Where Millions Are Entombed.

The catacombs at Rome were the burial places of the early Christians. They are about 550 miles in extent and are said to have contained 6,000,000 bodies. During the persecutions of the Christians under Nero and other Roman emperors the catacombs were used for hiding places. Under Diocletian the catacombs were crowded with those for whom there was no safety in the face of the day. The art of the catacombs is unique and most interesting. Simple designs are etched in the slabs which seal the tombs. Now and then are small chapels whose paintings are to be found. All are Bible illustrations, so that the catacombs may be said to be a pictorial Bible in effect.—The Christian Herald.

Try to Come Back.

Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a surprise visit to a mission school in the east end of London and told a class of boys the story of Samson. Introducing his narrative his lordship added:

"He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy, what would you advice me to do?"

A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of hair restorer."

Use Ice in Both Seasons.

Ice to keep milk from becoming too warm in summer; ice to warm it in winter. In cold weather scientific dealers use ice just the same. When milk is being transported long distances in a temperature below or around zero it would freeze into a solid mass if it were not kept warm. Stoves won't do. But ice in the refrigerator cars, at 32 degrees, keeps the milk from freezing.—New York Press.

"It is every woman's duty to keep young as long as possible," she said. "Yes," he admitted, "but the great trouble is that so many women insist on keeping young after it is impossible."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DeBroke—"I needed a V badly this morning, so I borrowed fifty from Marks." Higgins—"Why so much?" DeBroke—"Well, it's much easier to find an excuse for not returning fifty than a mere five."—Boston Transcript.

No, Maude, dear; just because a hen has pin feathers it doesn't make her uncomfortable to sit on them.

"Young Freshleigh insisted that all he need to succeed in politics was an opening." "Well, he's got it. He's in a hole now."—Baltimore American.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Mary Anderson Pose.

Harry Furniss tells a story of Mary Anderson's initial season in London. "Her first appearance was as Perdita," he says in the Strand Magazine, "and I thought her the most charming figure I had ever seen on the stage.

"She kindly posed for me after a performance at the Lyceum, and when she asked me the position I would like her to take I mentioned one she had assumed in the second act, in which she stood holding the drapery in her hand, which was resting on her hip. 'Do you really mean that?' she asked. 'Yes; that attitude struck me as the most artistic of all your graceful movements.' 'Well,' she said, 'as a matter of fact, my robes had come unfastened and were falling off, and I was holding them on, but I shall now purposely make them slip in the same way.' And that pose was repeated nightly during the run of the play.

"On the first night at the Lyceum she was moved in the great scene by the rough, picturesque lover, played on that occasion by handsome Jack Barnes. As she rose to her feet it was perceived, to the delight of us all, but to the discomfiture of the actors, that Mr. Barnes' wig had caught in the shoulder clasp of Perdita and rose from his head with her and furthermore refused to be detached for some time.

"Even this popular actress could not escape the chaff of the gods. She was playing Galatea in Sir W. S. Gilbert's play—and a charming Galatea she made—when, in the critical scene in which she appeals to the gods to enable her to bring Pygmalion and Cynisca together again, the actress held up her arms and, unconsciously looking up at the gallery, cried out:

"'The gods will help me!'

"To Miss Anderson's surprise, all the occupants of the gallery, as if by prearrangement, called out with one voice, 'We will.'"

Miraculous Surgery.

The successful "sewing up" of human hearts is getting to be something of a commonplace nowadays. A Philadelphia doctor took five stitches in a wounded heart (cut open by a dagger) and the man is said to be on the road to recovery. It was the second heart operation of this surgeon within a month or two. His previous patient got well.

There are now on record somewhere near a hundred cases of surgical operations upon the human heart, and the death rate, considering the extreme gravity of the operation, is surprisingly low. When it is remembered that the heart is practically in constant motion, that its complete stoppage means immediate death, and that the delicate surgical manipulations necessary to repairing its wounds have to be performed upon a throbbing and more or less inaccessible piece of tissue, the minimal skill and coolness demanded of the heart surgeon would be better appreciated.

Thrift at the Palmist's.

I had a client the other day the lines of whose hand spelled money," said the palmist. "Before I got through with him I found that he didn't need to come to me to be told that. Thrift such as his sweeps a man on to fortune regardless of the palmist's art. The man had only one hand. I read that. When I had finished he said: 'How much?'

"I named my modest price of one dollar a sitting.

"'A dollar?' said he. 'That's outrageous. You read only one hand.'

"'That is not my fault,' said I. 'If you had another hand I would read it.'

"'All for a dollar?' said he.

"I said I would.

"'Then,' said he, 'this isn't fair. I only pay half price for my manicuring, and when I patronize a palmist who reads palms at the rate of a dollar a pair I expect a rebate.'

"He handed out a half dollar, and I took it. I was so amazed at the rapidity with which my prognostication was coming true that if he had refused to pay anything I doubt if I should have nerve to put up a fight."—New York Times.

Canaries Lead Bird Imports.

Canaries constituted 80 percent of the birds imported into the United States during the past year. Nearly 375,000 of these pets sang their way into American ports in 1909, according to a report by the Biological Survey, at Washington, D. C. Of the remaining 100,000 birds almost 60,000 were non-game; the rest were game birds.

The greatest increase over the previous year's importations was in game birds, which gained 10 percent, owing to the large number of English partridges imported, numbering 29,452 as against 10,000 in 1908.

Active Possession.

Guinevere, aged four, was going out to walk with a young lady, of whom she was very fond. As they opened the street door they were met by a swirling cloud of dust, blown up from the thoroughfare. "Keep your lips tightly closed, Gwen or you'll get your lungs full of microbes," warned the young lady.

Guinevere pondered a moment and then, looking up, demanded:

"What are your crobes?"—National Monthly.

Insincere Optimism.—"You have had a great deal of sickness in your family."

"Yes," answered the cynic with the hollow smile.

"It must be very discouraging."

"Oh, I don't know. It's getting to be almost as cheap to go to the drug store as to the grocery."—Washington Star.

"Verena," cautioned the mistress, "I shall expect you to guard against waste and breakage." "Very well, mum," said the new cook, "I'll do me best." "You must remember that Mr. Throgson and I have to live within our income." "Yes, mum, an' you must remember that I don't have to do that."—Chicago Tribune.

"Why was the engagement broken?" "Because of a misunderstanding," replied Miss Cayenne. "Each considered the other lacking in etiquette. They subscribed to different publications and weren't reading the same 'Hints on How to Behave in Society.'"—Washington Star.

Limpy Bill—"I had to split up twice as much wood as usual afore th' old lady would gimme a hand-out." Blinky Bob—"What's th' cause of it, Limpy?" Limpy—"Th' increased cost of livin,' I s'pose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Biggest Smugglers.

"Society people are supposed to be the biggest offenders," said a treasury official, "but it is simply that they get more publicity. We had a Harlem butcher who smuggled in $1,000 worth of jewels and then got trapped because he took an orange from the table after lunch. He put the orange in his pocket, and the bulge drew the inspector's attention. He was searched and the jewels found.

"There was, too," he continued reminiscently, "a noted musician who goes back and forth every year to Paris and who bought a Stradivarius violin one year. He sold his old one and brought the famous Strad back in his own case, covered as it was with custom stamps. Naturally the inspectors passed it, but the musician boasted of his violin, and a dealer who went to see it heard the story of its purchase and notified us.

"There was a man from Naples who came in with his shirt fairly lined with jewels, and there are Syrians who smuggle in laces and handkerchiefs, and there are the manufacturers who declare half or three-quarters in and smuggle the rest.

"There are automobile men who bring their machines in with faked certificates of value, and there are buyers of cheap jewelry who bring in great cases of plated brooches and bracelets, etc., with magnificent sapphires, rubies and even diamonds set in with bits of glass, and these necessitate weeks of work for the jewel experts in the appraiser's stores."—Washington Times.

Seeking Comfort.

"I've got a long way to go and I'm not used to travel," said the applicant at the railway ticket office. "I want to be just as comfortable as I can, regardless of expense."

"Parlor car?"

"No, I don't care for parlor fixin's."

"Sleeper?"

"No. I want to stay awake an' watch the scenery."

"Then what do you want?"

"Well, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd put me up in one of these refrigerator cars I've read so much about."

Scrapping Skyscrapers.

Mr. Dooley once remarked that in Chicago they were tearing down a 20-story building to make way for a modern structure. This was considered a great joke in the Dooley days, yet that is exactly what is happening today in New York. The Gillender building at Wall and Nassau streets, 20 stories high, 12 years old, steel framed and thoroughly substantial, is being torn down to make room for a "skyscraper." There is more rent to the square inch of ground, the owners figure, in a tall building than in a squatty 20-story structure. We used to let buildings stand until they showed signs of falling; now we tear them down when the profits begin to wabble.—Success Magazine.

What They Did With Them.

An American who spends much of his time in England tells of a cockney who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted. "Hi wants a kind of dog about so high an' so long. Hit's a kind of gr'yhound, an' yet it ain't a gr'yhound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gr'yhounds an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gr'yhound. Do you keep such dogs?" "We do not," said the dog man. "We drown 'em."

Delicate Irony.

Makart, the great Viennese painter, was taciturn to a fault. It is related of him that once at a dinner party he sat next to Mme. Gallmeyer for a whole hour without uttering a syllable, when his fair neighbor playfully nudged him with her elbow and said: "Come, Herr von Makart, let us change the conversation."

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room.

"And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Scraps.

The Passenger—"Your charge is exorbitant. I refuse to pay it." The Taxicabby.—"If you don't pay it I'll take you to the police station." The Passenger—"That suits me. I'm the police court prosecutor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

Ancient buildings or works cannot be retoned in Italy without the consent of the government.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

The average daily clearings of the New York clearing house last year amounted to $241,413,023.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Each of the British Dreadnoughts has a hospital with a capacity for 60 patients.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

Turkey has a government laundry for such products as are needed in the army.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Uncouth.

"He's so uncouth."

"What's the matter?"

"He actually eats the lettuce leaf the salad rests on."

What He Thought.

D'Aubeist—Do you think my battle picture expresses, as I have meant it to, all the poignant horrors of war?

Krittick—Oh, yes, it's the awfullest thing I ever saw.—Tit-Bits.

Ancient History.

The teacher looked over the new pupil.

"Well, sir, when did you last comb your hair?" she asked.

"Please, ma'am," said the boy, "I ain't very good at remembering dates."

Sure Enough.

"What are the foothills, pop?" inquired little Larry, who was reading a western romance.

"Bunions," promptly responded Mr. Callahan, who was never stuck for an answer.

Another Bridge in Mind.

"The fog is perfectly awful, Henry," said Mrs. Brooklyn, as she entered the stateroom of the Atlantic liner, "and the captain has been on the bridge for twenty hours."

"Suffering strap-hangers!" ejaculated Mr. Brooklyn, slightly seasick and half asleep; "that's the worst car blockade I ever heard of!"

Worthless Lives.

"I suppose you save many lives during the summer?" said the fair sunbather to the guardian of the beach.

"Well," yawned the husky life-saver, "I only wish that each life I've saved was worth a dollar!"

Irrigation Innovations.

Silas Soboss—What are you a-goin' to make out uv that there boy of yours who's home from college now, Peleg?

Peleg Plowshare (fiercely)—I'm a-goin' to make an example uv him, by heck, if he don't quit wearin' garters to hold up his socks an' belts to hold up his pants!

The Real Judges.

"I have a new play I'd like to have you appear in," said the theatrical manager, "but are you prepared to wear tights?"

"Why," said the actress, frankly, "I suppose we'll have to let the first-night critics answer that question!"

Unwelcome Reduction.

The Adipose One—Yes, the foreign baths and mountain-climbing are excellent reducers, but they don't reduce in the right spot.

The Thin One—What do you mean?

The Adipose One—All they reduced about me was my pocketbook.

What They Read First.

Mr. Krittic—Fine novel, that latest of Phillip Chamberlein's.

Miss Summers—Oh, I don't like the way it ends.

Mr. Krittic—But just wait till you read the rest of it!

Roller Skating in Shanghai.

Roller skating, which is again to be the winter craze, has become a fashionable pastime in China. A rink has been opened in Shanghai, and even the impassivity of the Celestial is expected to give way to some extent under the influence of the new excitement.—Lady's Pictorial.

Naturally! Of Course!

The monopolist's little son was reading a newspaper editorial.

"What does T. R. mean, papa?" he suddenly asked.

The monopolist started. "Why, those letters stand for Ted—I mean Tommy Rot!" he snapped fiercely.

A Cruel Cut.

The stenographer had resented a criticism of her work and resigned instanter.

"Will you kindly give me a letter of recommendation, sir?" she said, rather haughtily.

"I couldn't conscientiously do it," said the criminal lawyer.

"Conscientiously," sneered the stenographer; "you mean gratuitously, don't you?"

Acquainted With Laundrys.

Conley—I see that the gover'mint is going to start a laundry to wash th' paper money with.

Clancy—Thin, begorra, they'll git none iv mine.

Conley—An' why?

Clancy—Sure, wouldn't it be likely to come back to me several pieces shy?

The Joke That Failed.

Hoyster had reached home at 2:30 A. M. and found his wife much awake.

"Now, dear," said the belated man, rather quickly, "don't fly up in the air!"

"And why, pray?" very deliberately inquired the lady, breathing hard.

"Because you might infringe the (nic) Wright brothers' patents, my dear," chuckled Hoyster, just before she aviated.

And in Boston, Too.

A well known citizen, who evinces keen interest in all that pertains to the history of our country, was desirous recently while in Boston, of visiting certain localities interesting by reason of their connection with Revolutionary events.

One morning when he was going down in the elevator of the Hub's largest hotel he said to the man at the wheel:

"I wish to visit the wharf where the tea was thrown overboard."

The elevator engineer looked somewhat mystified.

"You'd better inquire at the office, sir," he said. "I guess that happened before I came here. I've been in Boston only about a year.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1910.

NOTES.

A MIDDLE-FASHION TOWN MEETING, IN 1838.

BY R. ALLYN, LL.D.

(Concluded.)

The Town officers were quickly chosen; the school committee was settled without controversy, the clergyman, the doctor and Col. Wood being carried by acclamation. And then came the bridge question and the road. These were debated pro and con, motions were made, resolutions were offered and voted down, and finally the subject was postponed.

Then came the items: "To See if the Town would grant to Luther Peckham a "taverner's license" at the Cross Roads." On this the debate became still more earnest and it was near "sundown," before the meeting was brought to a vote. A very few had gone away, and many more had come in, many of them boys and those who had no votes, so that nearly every male in the town was there. A sort of division line, a little back of the middle of the naked meeting house, separated voters from non voters. Speeches were generally very short and to the point, and sometimes they were sharp and rather personal, but good natured; though towards the last there was not a little of impatience in the tones of the speakers.

They had been in that cold, old meeting house from nine o'clock a. m. without food or fire not always but largely without drink till the shadows had lengthened to the East, and those who had not talked were in more need of patience than any other gift or endowment of human virtue. But the dogged Puritanism held its own on both sides and the question seemed to be who should, like Goldsmith "dancing pair," "hold out to tire the others down."

Just then Judge Halsey got the floor in the center aisle and proposed that the house be divided on the question: "Shall the Selectmen be instructed to grant a Taverner's License to Luther Peckham at the Four Corners." All agreed to the proposition to divide.

And the Moderator again arose in a good deal of dignity and said:

"Gentlemen, you have distinctly heard the motion. That the Selectmen be instructed to grant a Taverner's License to Luther Peckham at the Four Corners; As many as are in favor of the motion will take places on the right and as many as are opposed to the motion will take places on the left."

The citizens immediately began to separate, and now again with many jests as in the morning, though not with quite so much good nature. For many declared they wanted "liberty" to get what they knew was no harm if used prudently, and many alluded to red noses, and ragged jackets, and snakes in the boots, and some even called out to look, and see the difference in the crowds as to clothes and faces. But the division was made, and as the count might be doubted, the Moderator instructed the Town Clerk to count, beginning at the left while he began at the right. Both made the count of both side and set down the figures and compared their respective counts. They had agreed and so the Moderator announced. "The votes of those in favor of the motion are Seventy nine and those opposed eighty seven and the motion does not prevail. The Selectmen are not allowed to grant the license."

Everybody seemed to submit, though there were those who declared that more of the men in favor of the license than of those who were opposed had gone away. They all however seemed to think that there was but one thing for a citizen to do, to abide by the will of the majority, even if it were but an excess of only one in a million and had been obtained by accident. Here is security for free institutions-perfect confidence in free debate, fairness in voting and immediate and unconditional surrender, at least for the time, to the will of the "major part."

The Town meeting soon broke up having merely ordered the road supervisors to examine the bridge and make survey of the proposed new road, and all went about personal matters for "the year ensuing."

The End.

MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE. At the session of the Court of Probate, held on Monday, four of the members were present and George S. Wyatt was absent.

The following estates were passed upon:

Estate of David Coggeshall. The third account of Albert L. Chase, administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of James Chace. Petition of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland for cancellation of the bond given by Isaac Chase, as administrator, de bonis non, with will annexed and signed by said company as surety, was continued to the third Monday of October. The administrator's second account was referred to the same time and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of William T. Bull, Jr. The petition of William T. Bull, Jr., minor to appoint Charles A. Wilson as guardian of his person and estate was continued to the third Monday of October.

IN TOWN COUNCIL. Robert M. Wetherell and others presented a petition representing that the roadbed at the south end of Aquidneck Avenue is in a deplorable condition and asking that measures be taken to repair the same at once. The petition was held for further consideration and the Council resolved to visit and inspect the locality complained of.

For the second time, Alfred H. Hazard was present in Council in reference to the removal of the Arnold Circulating Library from the Peabody schoolhouse on Third Beach Road to the Berkeley Guild House. He reiterated his former arguments that the library was a free public library established for the benefit of the neighborhood and that its removal to the guild house by the Public School Committee was without proper authority and highly inexpedient. There was no reason why it could not have remained in the school house as it occupied but little space. He desired that the library be returned to the school house as he was informed it could not remain long at the guild house. The Council would not recede from its former decision not to meddle in the matter and declined to take any action in relation to the library.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid:

For highway work—Elmer B. Sisson, $266 25; William S. Caswell, $156.03; Daniel A. Carter, $57.38; Elisha A. Peckham, building bridge, $46.00; James Willis Peckham, carpenter work and material for bridges and railings, $137 67; Peckham Brothers, for crushed stone, $92.90; A. & H. G. Hammett, material for bridges, $17.06. Total for highway, $784.10.

For police duty—Arthur A. Brigham, $22.90; William S. Caswell, $32.90; Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., $25.20. Total, $81.00.

The accounts of the Police Constables were chiefly for services rendered and time employed in looking after and prosecuting violators of the speed law.

Miscellaneous—Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., for bounty due for killing 22 skunks, $11.00; Simon Hart, for one Land Evidence Book, $20.00; Barker Bros. & Co., for lining water cart, $28 00; Old Colony Street Railway Co., electric light at town hall, $2 00; Accounts for the relief of the poor, $42 31. Total, $103.31. Police charges, $81.00. Highway accounts, $784 19. Grand Total, $968.50.

Miss Helen M. Sibley, the new principal at the Oliphant School, arrived Sunday and assumed her duties at the school Monday morning.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Nye, widow of Hoxie P. Nye of Newport, were conducted by Rev. Joseph Cooper at the home of Henry C. Sherman on Wyatt road Friday afternoon. The choir from the Methodist Church, Middletown, sang hymns. Mrs. Nye united with Mr. Cooper's church by letter in 1857, some 53 years ago. The committal service was in the Old Cemetery, Newport, where the body was laid in the lot of her grandfather, Marmaduke Ward. The bearers were her grandson, Mr. Walter Young, of Providence, Messrs. Henry C. Sherman, Jr., and William Sherman of Middletown, and Mr. Freeborn Coggeshall of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Molden of New York have been guests the past week of Mr. Molden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Molden. Mr. Molden was formerly the organist at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and his wife a teacher at the Peabody School.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Howland of Boston have been visiting friends upon the Island the past week. Mr. Howland was the only son of the late Benjamin Howland.

A special meeting of the school committee was called on Tuesday at the town hall to consult with the six teachers in regard to matters relating to the grades. For the first time in the history of Middletown schools an attempt is being made to establish, as far as possible, grade work.

Framed copies of the law of Rhode Island to prevent the desecration of the United States flag are being placed in the Middletown schools by Col. Wm. Barton Chapter, D. A. R.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, to have been held Thursday evening, was omitted, that the Patrons might attend the fair.

Terrors of Tuberculosis

It is stated on authority of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis that not one in thirty of the victims of Tuberculosis can find a place for properly directed treatment in hospitals. This means a loss to the people of the United States, it is stated, of about $1,275,000,000.00, an amount almost beyond comprehension.

In commenting upon this astounding statement, Wallace Hatch, Secretary of the Rhode Island Anti-Tuberculosis Association, said that the most difficult task now confronting the groups of people who are fighting the disease in this State was to overcome the prevailing fatalism with reference to the disease. It is difficult enough, said Mr. Hatch, to meet and actually to handle a problem such as this, but the difficulty is made many times worse on account of the apparent indifference which many people express towards any suggestions or measures intended to bring the disease under control.

Tuberculosis costs the people of Rhode Island over a thousand lives and millions of dollars every year. A campaign for the prevention of the disease carried on in each of the towns no less than in the cities of the State would cost only a few thousand dollars and would result not merely in saving lives and money, but would do much to prevent unnecessary sickness with all the loss which that entails.

The Rhode Island Anti-Tuberculosis Association whose office is located at 55 Eddy St., Providence, is conducting a State work for the prevention of the disease. The Association depends for support upon private contributions. Its funds for carrying on this work are becoming low and must soon be replenished or the work will have to be curtailed. It is believed that as soon as the need is thoroughly understood the necessary funds will be forthcoming. A statement of the work during the past year is available and can be sent to anyone on application; the receipts and expenses of the Association can also be seen by anyone who is interested.

Audrey Baxter, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Baxter of Portsmouth, was run into by a Stevens-Duryea automobile Tuesday while riding his bicycle in that town, and was badly injured. His arm was cut to the bone and he received severe bruises. Dr. Steele and Dr. Conroy were called and dressed his injuries making him as comfortable as possible. The occupants of the car, which had a Massachusetts registry, went two miles to secure medical aid, and did all in their power to make him comfortable.

An item of interest to our readers is the announcement of Barney's fifteenth annual sale of rented pianos. These instruments were new this spring and have been used only during the summer. They are great bargains.

Circassian Walnut

From Russia.

The Highlands of Russia produce ten different varieties of this beautiful wood and yet because the species bears an edible nut the Russian folks are loath to part with their beloved trees. Please remember this fact as you glance at the splendid example of a period bureau. Observe that the lines are

ARTISTIC YET PRACTICAL.

Note also that there is extreme breadth to the top and ususual width in the four drawers and that the heavy plate glass mirror can be easily adjusted to, yield a three quarter length view of one's figure.

There is the charm of great novelty in the handsome graining and rarity of the wood, yet the Titus methods of buying and selling place this Circassian Walnut Bureau in your chamber at the surprisingly low figure of

$33.75

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS — Daily, Sundays included.

Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS — Daily except Sundays.

Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

Extension Telephone Sets

Conveniently located in a home save time, energy and confusion, obviate the necessity of going up or down stairs to answer calls.

Especially useful in time of sickness, can be placed at the bedside. Many men have directed important business matters by the aid of an extension telephone.

Rates 50 cents and $1 per month.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Delinquent Taxpayers

NOTICE.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1909 which his books show unpaid at the close of business

September 20, 1910,

will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. RIGBEE,
Collector of Taxes.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 2, 1910—9-17-tf

Those workers who made the recent fair for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church such a success were entertained at a reception and social in Hazard Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, and Rev. Father Mahon thanked them, in behalf of the church, for their efforts. The total gross receipts were $13,187.70.

The Italian Progresso Benefit Society observed the fortieth anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian government on Tuesday evening, and at the same time dedicated the new flags of the society. Mr. Vincent Pinto presided and there were a number of speeches. A social time was enjoyed.

We are indebted to Mr. John T. Delano of this city for papers containing interesting accounts of the Grand Army meeting this week at Atlantic City.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., August 15, A. D. 1910.

Estate of David Coggeshall.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court this third account therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of September next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
8-20-3w Probate Clerk.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

SATURDAY, OCT. 1st,

opening day for our

15th ANNUAL SALE

Of rented pianos. To those who appreciate quality at a marked reduction in price this sale is most appealing.

Our guarantee with every piano.

BARNEY'S
Music Store,
140 Thames Street.

The annual fall exhibition of the Newport Horticultural Society opened at Masonic Hall on Sunday with a large attendance. The exhibition was an excellent one. The annual ball of the society was held on Tuesday evening.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 16th, 1910.

Estate of Sarah M. Hammett.

PETITION in writing is made by Harry G. Hammett, of said Newport, praying for reasons therein stated, that Harry G. Hammett, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Sarah M. Hammett, a person of full age, of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the third day of October next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*, and that citation be served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-17-3w Clerk.

Carr's List.

AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOR, By William DeMorgan.
THE ROSE IN THE RING, George Barr McCutcheon.
CLEVER BETSY, By Clara Louise Burnham.
THE SHERIFF OF DYKE HOLE, By Ridgwell Cullum.
THE SWORD MAKER, By Robert Barr.
THE HUSBAND'S STORY, By David Graham Phillips.
AT THE VILLA ROSE, By A. E. W. Mason.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, July 5th, A. D. 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 25,886, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Providence, on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1910, and returnable to the said Court July 11th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1909, in favor of Caprani Brothers Company, a corporation duly incorporated under the laws of said State, and located in the City and said County of Providence, plaintiff, and against James T. Allen alias John Doe, of the City and County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 20 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, James T. Allen alias John Doe had on the 3d day of March, A. D. 1909, at 23 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northeasterly by land of W. A. and A. Jackson; Southeasterly by Warner street; Northwesterly by the City Cemetery, and Southwesterly by land of J. T. and H. L. Allen, and containing about 3031 square feet of land, more or less.

2nd parcel. Northeasterly by land of J. T. Allen; Southeasterly by Warner street; Northwesterly by the City Cemetery, and Southwesterly by land of A. E. and F. W. Aylesworth, and containing about 2329 square feet of land, more or less. Be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING
9-10-3w Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 6th, 1910.

Estate of Eliza Hurton.

WILLIAM H. HARRIS, Administrator on the estate of Eliza Hurton, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of her funeral, and of supporting her family, and settling her estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of her death, was seized and possessed of a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Southerly by Dixon street, sixty-five (65) feet; Easterly by land now or formerly of Patrick Keefe, sixty (60) feet; Northerly by an open court or way, sixty-five (65) feet, and Westerly by land now or formerly of John Egan, sixty (60) feet, being the same parcel of land conveyed to the late Eliza Hurton, deceased, while in life by the heirs at law of the late Martin Hurton, deceased.

And further representing, that by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured, as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the twenty-sixth day of September, instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-10-3w Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed by Frederick A. Clarke, 2d, of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Savings Bank of Newport, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date March 18th, A. D. 1904, and recorded in Mortgages Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 43, at page 2, and also recorded in Land Evidence of Middletown, R. I., Book 19, page 406, &c., which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Max Levy, there having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on SATURDAY, September 17th, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate partly in said City of Newport, and partly in the Town of Middletown, and bounded Northerly, on land of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet; Easterly, on a Court or Way leading Northerly from Vernon avenue, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on Vernon avenue, fifty (50) feet, and Westerly, on land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet, being the same lot conveyed to Frederick A. Clarke by Joshua B. Bacheller and wife by deed dated May 15th, 1894.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

MAX LEVY,
8-29-4w Assignee of the Mortgagee.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, September 3d, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of HENRY C. STEVENS, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-3-3w EDWARD K. STEVENS.

RHODE ISLAND
STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy — Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment.
Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, $4 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R. I.
7-23-tf

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 38 and 87 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 3d, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 2d, 1910.

By order of
JAMES R. CROWLEY,
4-30-1t Chief of Police.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,
7 Oak Street.
5-2-1t

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

6-22-1f

USE
Diamond Hill
BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
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Newport, R. I.
5-2-1f

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FOR EVERY NEED, AT
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T. Mumford Seabury
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COMMISSION STOCK BROKER
Mercury Building,
Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
9-26-1t